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Timothy and his friends,

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"The writing of the notice was a difficult task for Timothy"

TIMOTHY And His Friends

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MARY E. IRELAND



ILLUSTRATED

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Charles Hope Provost

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By Charles Hope Provost

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TIMOTHY AND HIS FRIENDS.

CHAPTER I.

THE RESCUE.

He was little, thin, freckled; had yellowish red hair; was a Baltimore newsboy, and was named Timothy.

At six o'clock in the morning, winter and summer, could be heard his cheery, piping voice, "Here's yer Mornin' Telegram! Chronicle, Visitor and Comet! Mornin' Telegram! Only two cents." Popping into business places, shouting around corners, jumping out of street cars, crossing crowded thoroughfares, dodging wheels of vehicles, weaving among pedestrians, he kept blithely on his way.

About four o'clock his cry varied, and "Evening Telegram!" was shouted with as much vigor and energy, although the voice might be a trifle less clear than in the early part of the day.

One blustery morning in November, Granny Edmonds, with whom Timothy had his home, awoke him from the sleep which abundant exercise rendered sound and refreshing, and reminded him that it was time to rise.

This duty done, Granny crept back to bed, leaving Timothy in possession of the kitchen where he slept, whereupon he proceeded immediately to make his toilet, and to heat the small pot of coffee which she had prepared for him over night.

It was but the work of a moment to put some of the light wood which Granny had collected into the spindle-legged stove, which was soon in full blast; resembling an ambitious little locomotive, through the open mouth of which glowed sufficient light to enable Timothy to dress.

His simple breakfast was soon finished, and donning a garment which had once been a gentleman's dress coat, but served as an overcoat for the present proprietor, he set cheerily out.

Descending the rickety steps of the old tenement, of which he and Granny occupied the sky-parlor, or in other words, if the house had turned upside down, they would have been on the first floor, he ran briskly to the offices, received his supply of papers, and just as "Big Sam" on the City Hall clanged the hour of six, he gave his first shout, "Here's yer

Mornin' Telegram! Chronicle, Visitor and Comet! Has full election returns! Robbery of Petroleum Bank! Great fire at Canton! Weddin' in high life! Mornin' Telegram! Only two cents!"

It proved to be a very successful morning, indeed, for Timothy; two gentlemen who had each given a nickel for a paper, refused change; he made a new customer, who expressed his intention of getting a "Telegram" every morning from him, and all excepting one of his papers were disposed of, which was rather unusual for so early in the day.

He had turned out of a business street, and entered one with handsome residences, when he heard the barking, yelping, snarling, and shouting, proclaiming a dog fight.

Timothy was on the spot in a twinkling. Two dogs, one of them black, and the other a reddish yellow, with a brass collar in which was tied a knot of blue ribbon, were fighting; thus furnishing amusement for a group of boys who were encouraging them to prolong the entertainment.

Timothy edged his way among them, and his indignation knew no bounds when he saw that the black dog was much the larger, and although the yellow one was equally pugnacious, was evidently losing ground.

"Shame on you fellows!" he cried, impulsively, "ain't none of you goin' in for the littlest dog?"

"What's the matter, sonny, you seem excited?" inquired a big boy, tauntingly.

Timothy made no response, but snatching his cap from his head, he ran to a neighboring pump, filled it with water, which he dashed upon the combatants, and the fight was ended. The dogs ran, shivering, separate ways, the yellow one limping, and bearing other evidences of the skirmish.

"Now the fun is all over because of the meddling of this lantern-jawed gutter-snipe," remarked one of the boys, angrily.

"You had better make your will, Bub, you'll die early; this world is too wicked for a good little boy like you," sneered a big boy.

"Remember me by leaving me that overcoat, guinea-egg!" shouted another.

"He took the yellow dog's part because it is the color of his hair. Save its hide, honey, you will need a wig some day," cried a third.

"I didn't save it because of it's color," cried Tim-

othy, bursting into tears, for brave though he was when circumstances demanded, he would cry like a baby when his feelings were wounded, which weeping always excited the derision of the boys.

"Well, then, why did you come sneaking in and spoil our fun?" asked the big boy, beginning to show fight at what he considered evidence of cowardice.

"Because I hate to see anything abused that is too little to take care of itself," replied Timothy, stoutly, and looking with proud defiance into the face of his antagonist.

"Brother Smith, please pass around the hat," whined the big boy, retreating hastily.

Timothy waited for no more, but taking his paper from his bosom, where he had thrust it in the emergency, he disappeared around the corner and soon his "Mornin' Telegram!" was called in a tone that proclaimed regained equanimity.

He had just run down the steps of a handsome residence whose mistress had purchased his remaining paper, when what should he see limping toward him but the little yellow dog.

Timothy's heart was in the right place and was

warm enough to give comfort to the shivering creature; he unbuttoned his overcoat, thanking his lucky stars that it had never been altered to fit him, as Granny was always intending, he placed the dog within, and turning the first corner, he, after many windings and turnings, reached the tenement in Hammer's Alley and bounded lightly up the rickety steps.

Although it was nearly noon, Granny was still out upon her daily pilgrimage collecting fuel, at which Timothy was in nowise dismayed, for he knew by experience that she never stayed beyond her time without coming home full-handed; so he searched for and found a crust of bread, soaked it in warm water and offered it to his protege, who devoured it eagerly.

"Nineteen pennies of my money today is clear gain," thought he, taking it from his pocket. "I would like to surprise Granny with something good for dinner. Let's see; what will nineteen cents buy? Oh, I know! It will get sassage and rolls; all pups like sassage."

The latter clause related to the yellow dog, of course, and having decided how to make it inwardly

comfortable, he proceeded to make it outwardly so, so placed it on an old chair cushion beside the stove, where it curled up with an air of perfect content.

Then Timothy hurried away upon his errand, and met Granny toiling up the steps.

"Oh, Tim," she said, in glee, "such luck as never was! I found a house as they was pullin' down, and the gentleman told me to fall to and help myself. I broke lots of kindlin' and sold it to a haberdasher and a green-grocer, and brought all this home and am going back this afternoon. And, Tim," she continued, lowering her voice, "what do you think I have got tied up in this old handkerchief? Why, half a pound of sugar and a pat of butter; sich extravagance!" casting a side glance at a half-opened door upon the landing, whereat they both laughed.

"Well, Granny, seeing that you are home, I will leave my dog in your care," said the boy, with a proud air of proprietorship, as he relieved Granny of her burden and preceded her up the steps.

"Your dog, Timothy!" echoed Granny as she gained her eyrie, and dropped panting into the nearest chair. "Why the purty creature! How did you come by it, Tim?"

The newsboy briefly recounted his experiences of the morning, and closed with flashing eyes and clinched fists.

"I wish I had that boy here that called me a guinea-egg!" he said.

"Overcome evil with good, Timothy," said Granny, soothingly. "I heard that once when I was a girl, and it has helped me over many a rough place since."

Granny set to kindling a fire, and Timothy departed on his delayed errand. He soon returned with his rolls and sausage to which were added apples by way of dessert, and the dinner, with the help of Granny's butter and sugar, was a success.

Granny in the meantime appeared to have something upon her mind. Twice she had opened her mouth and shut it without saying anything, had commenced remarks which switched off upon sidetracks, leaving the main road open to questioning occupancy of Timothy. But that hitherto alert youth was so absorbed in the luxurious dinner, accompanied by a good cup of coffee with plenty of sugar in it, that he failed to notice, so Granny was constrained to withhold her observation until a more propitious time.

"It strikes me, Timothy," said she that evening as they and the yellow dog gathered about the stove and she commenced filling her pipe preparatory to a comfortable smoke, "it strikes me that the pretty little dog has been some little girl's pet."

"As like as not," commented the boy, nonchalantly, "and whoever has owned her has taken good care of her; look at her collar, how bright it is, and her hair is as glossy as silk."

Evidently Timothy had not taken the hint; Granny must try again.

"If it had always been yourn, you wouldn't have wanted to lose it, would you, Timothy?"

"I would rather lose my overcoat and go cold all winter," responded the boy, promptly.

"I allow the little girl is grievin' for it; we ought to let her know where it is, oughtn't we?"

"Oh, Granny, the dog follered me; I didn't coax it away! If it had not been for me it would not now be alive, so it is more mine than hers or anybody's."

But though Granny was somewhat weakened by this logical reasoning, she was not quite convinced; she smoked and pondered. "It was your duty to try to save it, Timothy," she resumed. "Suppose a big boy was beatin' a little one, and you happened along and took the little one's part, and you know'd by his clothes that he was a rich man's son, would you think you ought to keep him and not try to find his people who was a grievin' for him?"

"What makes you think it is a girl's dog, Granny?" inquired Timothy after a pause.

"On account of the bit of ribbon; it come offen the little girl's hair."

"But the dog was lost, Granny; it is the same as if I found her dead and brought her to life."

"Findin' her dead or alive don't make her yourn. I once know'd a man as found a gold watch, and all the rest of his life he was afraid that he would find the owner. Sometimes that watch was hid up the chimbly wrapped in an old woolen stockin', sometimes it was in a cracked teapot on the top shelf of a closet, and it wasn't until after he died and the watch was put in the papers that the owner got it. I don't say that the man would have picked a gentleman's pocket if he had a chance, but that watch business was twin-brother to stealing, Timothy, it was indeed."

"What do you want me to do about it, Granny?" asked the boy, thoughtfully.

"Try to find the owner; and if you don't find her, the dog is yourn."

"But I have no time to go around hunting an owner; besides somebody might claim her that had no right."

"I've been thinkin' it all over this afternoon while pickin' kindlin' and this is my plan, Timothy. We're got no money to put the little dog in the Telegram, so you just write sommat on paper and stick in on the walls in your route, and let the people know that the dog is here. I won't go out tomorrow, but will be ready to give up the dog if the right one comes along."

"But anybody might come and ask for her, and you wouldn't know but it was the right one and would let them have her."

"I've got a piece of chalk, Timothy. They will have to chalk them figgers what's on the collar onto the kitchen door afore they see the dog, and if the figgers don't match, the dog's yourn."

Timothy was convinced that Granny's view of the case was correct and just. He agreed to the plan, although his heart yearned over the little yellow dog sleeping confidingly and serenely upon the old cushion, and could not suppress the hope that the "figgers" would go wide of the mark, though he kept the thought to himself.

The writing of a notice was a difficult task for Timothy; but improvising a writing desk from the broadest piece of Granny's wood, the notices, after many perplexities, were completed, and laid aside for placing upon any long-suffering walls he would pass the next morning.

"LOST

"A yeller dog with white paz has on a bras coler number six hamers aly no reward."

It did not occur to Granny or the boy that this notice was in any way obscure, and its readers might imagine that Hammer's Alley was mourning the loss of a yellow dog, though not considering it worthy of any outlay for recovery.

For several days after Timothy had conscientiously placed his notices where he considered that they would attract attention, he dreaded finding the dog missing when he reached home; but a week passed, and it was yet in his possession; so he and

Granny felt settled enough to discuss the subect of a name for his pet; but nothing suggested by either satisfied the fastidious taste of Timothy, and it devolved upon a chance meeting with a stranger to decide upon the question.

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CHAPTER II.

ON THE BLUE SEA.

It is seldom that a vessel of any kind crosses the ocean without having on board one or more persons who are objects of curiosity, if not mystery, to the other passengers.

The vessel which several years before had brought Timothy and Granny Edmonds from Liverpool to Baltimore was no exception to this rule, and from the evening of their coming aboard, they were subjects of speculation, among the lady passengers especially.

Had Granny been alone upon the voyage, the steerage would have been considered the proper place for her by all on board; but as the nurse and only caretaker of the then handsome, rosy, and attractive little boy Timothy, her place was with him, and his place was among the best, being provided with one of the most luxurious of the staterooms and the run of the vessel.

"If the woman would only talk, we might stand the chance of finding out who and what they are," remarked one of the lady travelers to a friend as they sat upon deck one evening. "My maid is brimming over with curiosity, but says that all she can find out from either of them is that the woman's name is Edmonds, the boy's name is Timothy, was born in Liverpool, is three years of age, and they are going to live in Baltimore."

"She would answer a direct question upon the subject, would she not?"

"No, indeed; my maid says she gets suddenly deaf when any one begins to question her in regard to the child."

"But the little boy is merry and chatty, and when he gets well acquainted with some one of us, will certainly tell his last name. Remember, we have been but two days out, and all is strange to him."

"That boy will never get a chance to say anything, even if he were old enough to tell a connected story. The woman follows him like a shadow; is always on hand when any one talks to him. There is a mystery about them in some way, you may depend upon it."

"He has every appearance of being of good parentage," said the other; "his clothing is of the best material and made in the latest style. His parents are evidently wealthy and cultured, and I cannot imagine how they could place him in the care of a homely and illiterate woman, when they could have plenty that was more suitable to be the attendant of such a distinguished looking child."

"But she is good and faithful, and devoted to her charge; one can see that the little boy loves her," suggested her friend.

"But it is so singular that they are alone. Husband and I were upon deck the evening we sailed, and they came on board just at twilight. They had been driven to the pier in an elegant carriage, a splendid pair of high-stepping horses, and with coachman and footman in livery. No one was in the carriage but themselves; their trunks were carried on board, they followed, the carriage was driven away, and here they are, and we no wiser than when they first came aboard."

"He is such a happy looking little fellow," remarked the other lady, as Timothy came in view, tossing a ball, which was caught for him by Nurse

Edmonds. "I never saw such lovely golden curls as his, and his beautiful dark eyes are in such contrast to his fair complexion. I do wish we could find out who he is; I don't think I ever saw a child who so deeply interested me."

"We shall never know more than we know now if his nurse can prevent it, I feel quite sure," replied her friend.

Before there was time for further comments, the ladies found another object of interest and more wondering comments, in the person of a little girl, apparently about the age of Timothy. As there was no one to interfere and prevent it, she soon became the pet of everyone on the steamer, owing to her beauty, her sweet disposition and winning manner, her unprotected condition and the peculiar circumstances under which she sailed.

On the day the Miriam left Liverpool, she, with several playmates somewhat older than herself, were attracted by a band of music which passed their playground; they followed it, and in a short time reached the pier; where, mingling with the crowd, they were carried on board the Miriam. There, bewildered by the novel and exciting incidents attend-

ing a departure, the little girl became separated from her companions, and being very weary, she crept behind a stateroom door which was ajar, and in a few moments was in a peaceful slumber, "rocked in the cradle of the deep." Her companions, seeing others leaving the steamer, followed, and were on shore to see the Miriam leave her pier, too young to be the least concerned by the absence of their companion.

In the meantime the door of the stateroom had opened, and two stately persons, clad in deep mourning and with thick black veils concealing their features, entered, and upon turning to close the door noticed the child.

Not wishing to disturb her sweet repose, the younger and fairer of the two raised her gently from the carpet and tenderly pressing a kiss upon her flushed cheek, laid her in one of the berths. Then seating herself by the window, while her companion removed her wrappings and lay down to rest, she watched the receding shore with eyes fast dimming with homesick tears, which she carefully concealed from the occupant of the berth.

Very sweet and pleasing was the picture she made

as she sat there, her head, from which had been removed bonnet and veil, reclining against the casement, the soft breeze fanning her fair, patrician forehead.

Not nearly so tall as her companion, she was slenderer and more finely formed; both possessing that air of serenity and dignified self-possession inherent to those who, like them, are born to wealth and position.

Her eyes were large, and blue as summer twilight skies, and possessed depth of character seldom seen in those of azure tint; varying with the emotion of the moment, deepening to almost black when unusually stirred. Golden, wavy hair, seemingly impatient of the control of the jeweled comb which confined its soft luxuriance, and escaping in little tendrils, which caressed the rounded cheek glowing beneath them with the rosy tint of health. The sweet, expressive mouth, tremulous now with emotion, the delicately moulded chin, and slender throat, were all models of refined feminine beauty; the whole appearance denoting one unused to rough contact with the world, one that had been protected from everything distasteful and uncongenial.

The sleeve of the simple black dress which fitted her with the pliant grace that distinguished everything she wore, falling back from her slender wrist, disclosed the beautifully rounded arm, and soft, dimpled hand, scarcely larger than that of a child.

"Madam Angela," and "Mother Ursula," were the names of these passengers upon the steamer's register, and that was all that captain, crew, or fellow-voyagers knew of them from the time they came on board until the Miriam touched its pier at Baltimore.

At length the little waif in the berth awakened, opened her merry hazel eyes, rubbed her piquant nose with her plump fist, and a happy smile dimpled the rosebud mouth, as without raising her curly head from the pillow, she chirped, "Grandma, I are awake; indeed I are."

The sound attracted Madam Angela, and leaving her place by the window, with a smile that betokened an affectionate, motherly nature, she bent over the couch and said in broken English, but perfectly intelligible to the bright, little listener:

"Whose little girl are you, dear?"

"Grandma's!" was the prompt response.

"What does grandma call her little girl?"
"Chrissie."

"And what is Chrissie's other name?"

"Dot no more," replied the little one, solemnly shaking her roguish head, and reaching for a stray curl which hung within reach of her hand."

"I love little girls like you; will you come and look out of the window?" questioned her new friend.

The child arose immediately, and was soon entertaining Madam Angela with bits of history in regard to her home, her playmates, her white rabbit and her kitten.

Evening was drawing on, and as the inquiry for the child which the lady had been momentarily expecting was yet delayed, she arose and passing to the side of the berth, said something in soft, liquid Italian to her companion.

"Yes, leave her with me," was the reply in the same tongue.

Madame Angela gave the little one some trinkets to amuse her, and resuming mantle and veil she left the stateroom.

"I have seen no one who knows anything of her," said she upon returning. "The captain says that no

child of that age was registered except a little boy named Timothy, who is accompanied by his maid, and the passengers know nothing of her; he went among them and inquired."

"Ask the little one in her own language what she wishes," said the one called Mother Ursula.

"Take me to grandma," replied the child in response to the question.

"I would gladly, my darling, if I knew where she was; where is she?"

"Oh, grandma! Where are you?" cried the child, imploringly. "Take me to grandma."

Something in the child's manner touched a chord in the lady's breast which vibrated painfully, and taking the sorrowing little creature in her arms, she wept without restraint.

"She reminds so much of Helena," she sobbed; "my cherub babe who is safe in heaven, while some poor mother is grieving over the loss of this sweet child; perhaps she was sent to comfort us."

"But we have no home to offer her," said her companion, anxiously, "we are homeless ourselves; will be strangers in a strange land."

"I know it," replied Madame Angela, tearfully,

"I know that it is worse than folly to think of such a thing, but what will become of her?"

"I don't know, and can only hope that her being in our stateroom will not serve as an excuse for intrusion."

"No, I have thought of that, and will provide against it. At the same time, as Providence has placed the little one in our care, I cannot find it in my heart or conscience to thrust her upon the charity of others. I will do the best I can by her while we are on the voyage, and will hope that some one of the passengers may become interested enough in her to provide a home for her when we land If the little one will only be contented; but I fear when night comes she will grieve for her home."

Happily the mind of a young child is easily diverted from sorrow, and being of a happy, joyous disposition, she was comforted and amused; and although she shed many tears before she went to rest, she slept peacefully through the night in the arms of Madame Angela.

When morning came and she strove to rise she was totally unable; sea-sickness had taken possession of her, and held her in its relentless grasp. Her

new friends proved to be faithful nurses, and in that trying time received more insight of her sweet, placid, loving disposition, than perhaps weeks of health could have given them.

On the evening of the second day, she was able to go upon deck; and though the rough experience had robbed the cheek of bloom, and the eyes of roguish light, and stopped the merry chatter, she was an object of loving interest to all.

Mother Ursula never left her stateroom from the beginning to the ending of the voyage, but Madame Angela was Chrissie's loved friend and attendant; and Timothy was one of the very first to welcome her each day as she emerged, sweet and smiling, from her stateroom.

When Madame Angela was engaged, then Granny Edmonds took charge of both children, and she did not restrain Timothy when in their merry romps he made allusions to his home, the deer in the park, his pony, the coachman Wiggins, and his St. Bernard dog. Neither did she forget to listen when Chrissie chattered of her "grandma, who walked with a cane, and used snuff from a box that had a gold rim around it, and a sweet smelling bean

inside." Of father or mother she never spoke, nor of any relative except her grandmother. She lived next to a house with a "great bell on it," and Granny surmised that it was a church, though of what denomination or in what locality she could not gather from the little Christine.

For nearly all the hours of each day the children enjoyed the varied tints of sky and ocean, watched the sun descend into the sea, and the moon and stars come forth. They skimmed over the steamer like seabirds over the water, now dancing along, each holding the hand of the captain as he took a walk upon deck, now in the cook's room, surveying with the eyes of connoisseurs the culinary preparations going on there, everywhere welcome, and everywhere guarded by Granny Edmonds. Truly no children with scores of doting relatives could have a happier trip across the wide expanse, than these little ones who had no tie of blood with a human being there.

One evening Madame Angela was seated upon deck with Christine; Granny Edmonds with Timothy, having gone below.

"What are you going to do with her, ma'am,

when we land?" questioned Captain Willoughby, who happened by at the time, and paused to ask a question in which he had deep interest; "do you intend keeping her with you?"

"I only wish I could, but it is impossible," replied Madame Angela. her eyes darkening and filling with tears.

"Well, that makes it all right," replied the Captain, brightening, "for I know of a grand home for her. My brother's widow lives in a large house in Baltimore, with no one but her housekeeper and servants. She is wealthy and childless, and has long wished for a little girl to adopt as a daughter. She would be charmed with just such a mischievous nuisance as this," giving the little one a quizzical look which was returned with interest.

"I never hear her mention her parents," replied the lady, "and doubt if they are living; neither do I think the old lady she so frequently mentions is her real grandmother; yet she may have other near and dear relatives."

"Yes, I have thought of this, and will tell my sister-in-law exactly how the case stands so far as we know. In the meantime it will be an excellent home

to leave her in until I can return to Liverpool and try to ascertain something about her, and if there is anyone to claim her, she can go back with me the next trip."

"Her grandmother, if living, will think the time long until she sees her, but I cannot see anything better can be done; and I have no doubt Mrs. Willoughby will love her and will dislike to part with her."

"Yes, that is the only squall I see ahead; it will come like an iceberg upon Louisa to part from her, if she has to give her up."

"I know that by my own feelings," replied Madame Angela, tearfully; "no one could be with her and not love her; and I am glad you have the kindness to interest yourself in providing her with a home. God will reward you for it."

"You have set me the example, lady. If you had been her own sister you could not have given her more care. My mother used to say to me when I was a little shaver, 'Daniel, good deeds never die;' and I believe that, like everything else she said, it was true as gospel; and if there is not a blessing laid up for you somewhere, there is none for anyone."

"I have put carefully aside the little blue dress and ruffled white apron that she wandered away in, thinking they might lead to her identification," said the lady. "I will give them into your care, Captain, before I leave the steamer. I have made the little dress she has on, and am sorry I had nothing but black material, but it was the best I could do."

"Well, she looks sweet as a pink in it, anyhow; and now that we have settled the future disposition of her as well as we can, little Ladybird and I will go below and get that turnover pie cook promised us."

The next day the Miriam came safely into the harbor at Baltimore, and the moment it touched the pier the passengers vanished in every direction.

Among the first to disembark was Granny Edmonds, holding the hand of Timothy in a tight clasp; and from the window of their stateroom Madame Angela watched them weaving their way through the crowd upon the pier until they were lost to view, and then, amid blinding tears, she prepared her little charge to go again among strangers.

In a few moments the Captain came for her, and Madame Angela, taking a ring of rare beauty and

singular workmanship from her finger, clasped it in the soft hand of the child.

"Keep it always, darling, for my sake. Never part with it, and some time, God willing, I may see you again."

"Yes, yes!" said the Captain, cheerfully, "I will tell Mrs. Willoughby to take care of it for her. Give me your hand, Ladybird;" and clasping the hand containing the ring in his, they set out, and Madame Angela from the window saw the dear little form borne up the street in the strong arms of the Captain, one chubby arm thrown confidingly around his neck, and her little bundle of clothing under his arm.

She could restrain herself no longer; she must at least see the outside of the home to which the little one was consigned; and throwing on wrappings and veil, she rapidly followed. She did not wish to be observed by the Captain, the child, nor the person with whom he left her. All she desired was to judge for herself by the surroundings what kind of a home the poor little waif had found; to note the house, so that if she remained for a time in Baltimore, she could pass it occasionally, and perhaps

be cheered by a glimpse of the sweet child face. The Captain's ring at the massive door of a hand-some brownstone dwelling brought a young colored waiter, who stared at the visitor and his burden in undisguished wonder, mingled with the broad grin that welcomed the well-known, jolly Captain.

"Anything to be surprised at, Cuffee? Go and tell your mistress that Captain Willoughby and Ladybird are waiting to be received," and while the waiter ran to carry the message, the Captain stepped into the handsome parlor and seating himself, removed the little girl's wraps, that the lady might be impressed with a first appearance.

The tearful watcher on the street saw a sweetfaced, motherly woman come in, shake cordially the outstretched hand of the Captain, and before any words passed between them reach out her arms for the little girl, who without the least hesitation allowed herself to be taken and tenderly kissed.

"That's right, Louisa, I knew she would have a good home with you; I wanted to bring you a present, and thought a daughter would be the most acceptable gift."

"To stay!" cried the lady, her face flushing with

joy. "Now, Captain, if this is only one of your jokes I shall be bitterly disappointed; tell me all about it."

Captain Willoughby rapidly recounted the circumstances of the child having been thrown upon his care, and concluded by telling her of his intention of making inquiry concerning her relatives on his next voyage to Liverpool. He then gave into her hand the little package of clothing, the ring, and all the information he could of the donor, and while thus engaged, Madame Angela, satisfied that the child had found a good home, retraced her steps to the vessel, and, with her companion, was ready to leave when the Captain returned.

Without suspecting that she had witnessed the whole affair, he gave a circumstantial account, accurate in every particular, and at the request of Madame Angela gave them the address of one of the best hotels, which was but a short drive from the pier, and they were soon installed in a handsome, comfortable room until such time as they could be suited in a permanent home.

That very evening, while Madame Angela was taking her tea alone—for Mother Ursula, as on the

steamer, never left her room, her meals being taken to her by Madame Angela—she overheard a dialogue which decided their destiny for life. The door between the tea-room and the one adoining was ajar, and before the glowing grate sat two gentlemen engaged in conversation.

It was a damp, chilly evening, and the cheerful comfort of the room was a pleasing picture even to the anxious Madame Angela, who felt strange and homesick in a foreign country, and with no settled home.

One of them, evidently a Northerner, had recently returned from a gunning expedition in the country and was entertaining his friend with an account of his sport.

He appeared to be charmed with all concerning it, had found game abundant, had been generously entertained, and his admiration of Maryland hospitality was unbounded.

"I don't know what time they have to think of dying," he was saying; "it appears to me that it is all used in planning for good times upon earth."

"Yes, they do enjoy life on those farm places in the neighborhood of Dorton, especially during the autumn and winter," replied his companion. "Several city families have bought property there, and I am told the society is excellent. How is Colonel Ogilvie getting along? I heard that he did his share toward entertaining you?"

"Oh, firstrate; the very best place in the world to put in a rainy day; big open fires, plenty of crabs and oysters, no women and children bothering around, and the best servants in the world. That would be the life for me, if I had the means to manage it as he does. I declare if old Judy can't beat the beater in cooking wild game, and if you want fried chicken and pounded biscuits that would make a man rejoice that he was alive, just try old Judy's. If it wan't for leaving my business, I would like to come down every fall."

"Yes, I suppose Ogilvie is satisfied with his manner of living, and it is well that he is; but that life would not suit me. I would suppose that his main pleasure would be in looking forward to the summer when his daughter, Mrs. Willoughby, and his son Richard's family go out from Baltimore to remain for several weeks at 'Ogilvie's Pride.'"

"Yes, he spoke of them, and also of his eldest

son, Mark Ogilvie," replied the Northerner. "He has not heard of him for years, and believes him to be no longer among the living. I think the uncertainty is a great trial to the Colonel."

"I know it. Mark was his favorite son, a splendid looking fellow, and highly educated, but reserved and haughty as a prince of the blood. He had a terrible disappointment in love, which rendered him more reserved and haughty than ever, and he finally left the neighborhood and has never been heard of since."

"Did the lady jilt him?"

"No; the strange part of it is that, though loving her as only such earnest, silent men can love, he left her. She was a lovely and highly accomplished young lady, and it almost broke her heart."

"Why upon earth did he leave her? Was there another Richmond in the field?"

"Not at all; but his pride of birth would not allow him to marry one of whose antecedents nothing was known. You see, she was only an adopted daughter of a lawyer named Bowlsby, formerly of this city, who bought a fine property in the neighborhood of Dorton, and the family spent their sum-

mers there, unless traveling. Having no children of their own, Bowlsby and his wife adopted the girl from an orphan asylum when she was an infant, and she never knew until their death that they were not her parents. Mark Ogilvie considered her the one woman in the world for him, and the time was appointed for their marriage, when Bowlsby and his wife died within a week of each other, and Miss Bowlsby was left alone in their elegant country-seat, where they happened to be at the time. Bowlsby had made a will leaving all his property to her, and in it stated that she was only adopted and her parentage was unknown, even at the asylum where he and his wife had found her.

"This blow to her was followed by a greater one, for Mark Ogilvie withdrew from the engagement, although perhaps none realized what it cost him to give her up. He left the country, and a few weeks after, a nephew of Bowlsby, a wild, reckless fellow who went to Australia years before and was reported to be dead, suddenly returned, laid claim to the property, entered suit against Miss Bowlsby for the recovery of it, and won his case, leaving the poor girl penniless."

"Does the nephew still own it?"

"No; he cared nothing for it, so converted it into cash, which he pocketed, and returned to Australia."

"Who bought the property?"

"A family named Carleton from Baltimore. The husband died a year or so ago, and his widow, her aged father, and her two young sons intend making it a permanent home."

"No wonder Colonel Ogilvie spoke sadly in regard to his son Mark," said the Northerner, thoughtfully.

"Yes, it is no doubt a great trouble to him, although, like the whole Ogilvie family, he keeps his troubles to himself. He is not one to go out of his way for society, and I have heard that at this time he has no one but his colored servants on his place."

"No, he mentioned incidentally that he formerly kept an overseer, who, with his family, lived in a cottage across lots from the mansion-house, but since the beginning of the year he has been managing the place himself. He considered that he was not taking enough exercise for good health."

"Who has the cottage that was occupied by the overseer?" questioned his friend, more for the sake

of carrying on the conversation than for interest he took in the answer.

"No one; and a pretty, romantic little place it is; shaded by tall trees and covered with vines. It is a pity to let such a place go down. It's a wonder he doesn't try to rent it."

"Not much like an Ogilvie to think of renting a small affair like that," smiled his companion. "In his opinion it has about the value of an old peach basket, and no doubt would give it rent free to anyone whom he would be willing to have upon his place."

Madame Angela had listened to this conversation with interest only for the reason that it gave knowledge of people new to her, but the last few sentences claimed her eager attention. The conversation was evidently not intended to be private, therefore she did not consider it dishonorable to listen; instead believed that Providence was pointing out the way wherein she and Mother Ursula should walk. Why not apply for the cottage, and if possible obtain it?

She lingered a moment to hear if anything more would be said upon the subject; but the conversa-

tion was drifting into other channels, and had no further interest for her; so she quietly left the room and sought her companion.

An hour later a letter was on its way to "Ogilvie's Pride," and they waited with what patience they could command for a reply, which speedily came, giving them grant of the cottage, and possession at any time, and the next evening found Mother Ursula and Madame Angela in a peaceful, secluded, beautiful little home, suiting them in every respect.

In their first communication to Colonel Ogilvie they had asked him to specify the sum he wished for it, but as he failed to answer the question in his reply, Madame Angela dropped him a line upon taking possession, asking him to specify the yearly rent.

He replied promptly, and, as the conversation overheard by Madame Angela the night of the arrival in Baltimore had led her to expect, he put no value whatever upon it; it was of no-account to him in any way; they were welcome to it for nothing if they so desired.

To that they would not agree. Another note was returned to Colonel Ogilvie, saying that he must

put a value upon it, and after that they would trouble him no more.

To satisfy them he set a price almost nominal, and the first day of each year as long as Colonel Ogilvie lived, a sealed note containing the money for rent was sent by a trusty messenger, who returned in a short time with a receipt, and that was the extent of the communication upon the subject between Colonel Ogilvie and his tenants.

CHAPTER III.

TIMOTHY FINDS A HOME.

Although a stranger in a strange city, and by no means a traveler, Granny Edmonds walked confidently up the street from the steamer with Timothy's hand in hers, the long, golden curls of the boy attracting attention, many persons turning to look after them.

Making inquiry of policemen and others, when she considered it necessary, they, after a time reached the home of Granny's brother and only near relative, who lived in a small but neat dwelling in a retired street.

Not being able to read or write, Granny's correspondence with her brother had been rather limited; but through his letters she had ascertained that he had been successful since coming to America, had married a woman whose money had bought him a home, in which they were living very comfortably. Had Granny been granted sufficient time, she would

have informed her brother and his wife of the purposed journey; but it was only the morning of the day that the Miriam sailed that she was notified of it, so was doing the best she could under the circumstances.

This only brother was much younger than herself, and their parents dying when he was an infant, she had nursed the ailing, fretful boy, and been to him a second mother. She was filled with joy at the prospect of seeing him, and anticipated a warm welcome, in which she was not disappointed, for although for a moment bewildered by her sudden appearance, he was sincerely glad to see her, and Granny's heart was cheered by his expressions of satisfaction in having her under his roof.

But simple-minded as was Granny, the evident dismay of her brother's wife could not escape her notice, and her spirits sank accordingly. She had not come to be dependent upon them, at least it was far from her thoughts to imagine that she would ever be, for she was provided with an ample allowance for the support of Timothy and herself for the present, and with the assurance of a quarterly allowance to be sent by check from Liverpool.

So, while wounded and disappointed at the evident reluctance of her sister-in-law to receive Timothy and herself as members of the family, she was not appalled, as would have been the case had she been without the prospect of means to subsist.

In the mind of the brother's wife, Granny Edmonds had an existence, but so vague and indistinct that the possibility of a nearer acquaintance never crossed her mind. She knew that her husband's sister was the widow of a coal miner, who, with their son, had been killed by an explosion in the mines; that she, after their death, had been a nurse for invalids, that some one of them had given her the name of Granny, and she had kept it ever since. This was all the sister-in-law knew of her or cared to know; and that Granny was now in her home and likely to remain filled her with discontent.

She was proud of the house which her money had procured, and kept it in painfully neat order. Children would disarrange everything, and as much as she disliked having Granny, Timothy would, she knew, prove the greater annoyance.

She was tall, thin, sharp of temper and of tongue; and poor meek Granny felt out of place and miserable, but knew not how to go about making a change. She offered her sister-in-law a liberal sum from what she had in hand, and the expected quarterly allowance from England, for the board of Timothy and herself, which offer was ungraciously accepted.

In her own mind Granny decided to find another home as soon as possible, but upon trial found it a difficult thing to do. Experience taught her after a few weeks that she could have gone into any home without people troubling themselves about her any more than was to their own interest; but a distinguished looking child like Timothy always raised questions which denoted suspicion. These questions Granny was too straightforward to parry, and too truthful to answer by prevarication, so relapsed into total silence, which generally awoke animosity in the questioner, if not expressed anger.

"I wish you would dress that boy so that everybody would not be asking me who he is," her sisterin-law said petulantly one evening after Timothy had been put to bed; "he don't look a bit like the other children on the street, with his long curls and his elegant clothes, and no wonder they want to know what rich person's child has strayed off here." This thought had never entered the mind of Granny, but none the less did it have its effect. Without a word of reply she made up her mind, and the next morning she hurried out, and soon returned with some cotton material for dresses, and gingham for aprons, and set busily to work.

Timothy was not on the street that day; and when he next made his appearance there, he scarcely knew himself in the homespun suit, while his curls lay in a shining row in a box in Granny's trunk, and his stylish little suits were keeping them company.

Granny wondered over and over again in her mind why she had not thought of this change of costume when she saw that, shorn of his locks and dressed as children with whom he played, he attracted no more attention than they, and looked quite as plain except for his fair complexion and large and beautiful dark eyes.

It was a great relief to her that questions had in a manner ceased, and she set about searching for another home, much lighter of heart as to the result.

Nearly three months had elapsed since leaving England, and although Granny had made many inquiries in a quiet way, there was as yet no home in view in which she could feel satisfied to accept for Timothy and herself, so was still living upon sufferance in the house of her sister-in-law. She was heartily sick of idleness, for she was not allowed to take any part or share in the work of the house, and time hung heavily upon her hands. Although she was prompt to the day in paying the board agreed upon for Timothy and herself, this did not lessen the eagerness of her brother's wife to get them away that she might have the house to herself.

Liberal as was the allowance given to Granny upon leaving England, it was decreasing rapidly, and she resolved to wait until the next remittance was in hand before making the change of abode; hoping that when she did secure another boarding place, it would be where there would be some employment for her, whereby a portion of her allowance could be put by for a rainy day.

At the appointed time she watched, morning and afternoon, for the postman's welcome ring, which might betoken a letter for her; but day after day he passed by, and as there was no missive, she reasoned with herself that by some chance the address of her brother's house might have been forgotten, and the letter be waiting for her at the postoffice.

Encouraged by this thought she and Timothy were soon wending their way there, and entering the long corridor stood for a while bewildered by the rush of many feet over the marble floor. Approaching one of the windows, she asked for a letter from Liverpool.

"Farther down the corridor, madam; this is the stamp window," was the reply.

Granny turned away and proceeded to find the designated spot.

"Any letter from Liverpool for Mrs. Edmonds," said she in a trembling voice.

"Farther down the corridor, madam; this is the receiving window."

Poor Granny felt strange and out of place, but by the help of a bystander reached the right window, the inscription which designated it being Greek to her.

But there was no letter; and the next day, and the next, and many succeeding ones, she and Timothy walked to the postoffice and made inquiry with like result.

She saw her money dwindling away in payment

for the board of Timothy and herself, and before she could realize it, she was penniless.

Then, indeed, she became convinced that the dwelling which her sister-in-law's money had bought was no home for her, and sick at heart she went again to the postoffice, hoping for the long-expected check. She grew ashamed to ask for the letter that never came, and it was not necessary; the official knew why she was there, and shook his head in negative response. She turned away with such a despairing look in her eyes that he was constrained to offer a word of comfort.

"Leave your name and address," said he, kindly, "and if a letter comes to you I will notify you."

Granny's heart grew lighter at even this forlorn hope, and giving the address of her brother's home, she thanked him heartily and left the corridor.

She shed bitter tears that night as she turned restlessly on her pillow, while Timothy slumbered peacefully beside her.

In the still watches of the night the belief was forced upon her that no remittance would ever come, and so far as she could judge she was incapable of earning her own support, even if the charge of Timothy was not resting upon her.

She had been a miner's daughter and a miner's wife; had always lived in a humble way, except in the past three years while having charge of Timothy. She had no trade, had no experience in sewing or cooking except of the plainest kind, and though naturally industrious, was not what could have been called capable. Moreover, her clothing was becoming shabby, and she saw no chance of replenishing it in order to make a good appearance when applying for a place.

"My old mother used to say that it was always darkest just before dawn; and God won't let Timothy and me go hungry," thought she as "Big Sam" tolled out the hour of four, and the city was beginning to awaken from the silence of the night. Then Granny dropped into a peaceful slumber, from which she arose much refreshed.

She sat down by the tiny window in the back room assigned to Timothy and herself since the winds of adversity had swept over them, and waited until he should awake. Her gaze fell almost unconsciously upon the neat serving maids who occasionally passed through the alley below, and noticed that their place of destination was a dairy upon the corner, where they obtained their supply of milk for the morning meal.

After several had been served there came a pause; and the dairy-woman came to the door to look about her and to take a breath of the pure morning air.

Something in the good, sensible and cheery face attracted Granny, and instantly the thought came to her to call upon her, and ask if she knew of anyone who needed a woman to take care of children or of an invalid.

The sister-in-law was somewhat surprised to see Granny descend in cheerful mood, and not knowing the frail but vital hope which had revived the depressed spirits of her forlorn relative, imagined it possible that Granny, after all, had received the remittance, so was preparing herself for a proper hearing of the news.

The moment Timothy had finished breakfast Granny took him out with her, and sought the dairy, not a square away. She was glad to find no customers in, and the dairy-woman in the humor of talking, so made her errand known, told who she was, and with whom she was staying.

"Well now, if that don't exceed all," said the dairy-woman cordially. "Margaret Hogan, who lives with Miss Bowlsby in the next square, is going to be married and leave her place, and was in here this morning after the milk for breakfast. She asked me if I knew of any middle-aged woman that Miss Bowlsby could get, and it really seems that Providence has sent you, for I believe you will suit her, and if you get the place you will have a good home for as long time as you choose to stay."

"How can I see the lady?" inquired Granny, trembling with anxiety that she might be too late in making application.

"Go right up to the house now and tell them I sent you, and Margaret Hogan won't know how to thank me enough if Miss Bowlsby consents to take you, for Margaret won't leave until she is suited."

"Is the old lady hard to please?" asked Granny, timidly.

"Bless you, no! she is a saint upon earth, if there ever was one, and doesn't expect a person to be faultless on a dollar a week, and she isn't an old lady

at all, but has had a heap of trouble, and last winter fell on the ice and has been lame ever since, and looks ten years older. She was adopted by a lawyer named Bowlsby, who left her all his property, but his nephew came from foreign parts and claimed it, and she was left without a roof over her head. She is comfortable now, but she don't forget her poor days."

With these introductory hints in mind Granny went to the little home of Miss Bowlsby, and told who sent her, which was sufficient guarantee for Margaret, who conducted her to the room of her employer without delay.

Granny's solicitude for the success of her application had a tendency to place her at disadvantage in the good graces of any employer who laid much stress upon first appearances; but Miss Bowlsby, besides being a kind-hearted, sensible woman, had been for some years acquainted with the brother's wife, and was an adept at drawing conclusions; therefore her present ones were in favor of Granny.

Her inquiries were such as a helpful, Christian woman would address to one who was in trouble and Granny gradually grew tranquil.

In regard to Timothy, Miss Bowlsby was satisfied to know that his mother had died when he was an infant, that Granny had been his nurse and caretaker ever since his birth, and could not be parted from him.

Miss Bowlsby's heart went out to the boy; the expression of his brown eyes reminded her of someone she had known and loved. She felt that he would bring life into the somber household, her only care being for his sake, who, she feared, would have a dreary life with no young companions; and in pity for him she took him in her arms and kissed his forehead, while tears trembled upon her lashes.

Granny's truthful answers convinced her that in efficiency she was not Margaret Hogan; but she liked the woman and believed her to be trustworthy; so, for the sake of Timothy, she engaged her then and there, to come that very evening that she might be under the tuition of Margaret and learn her ways.

Before announcing this conclusion, however, Miss Bowlsby had also an explanation to make which one of less integrity might not have deemed necessary.

"I must tell you," she said, "that although this

house is mine, so long as I shall need one, I have only a life estate in it. At my death it goes to the relatives of the kind friend who provided me with it. She had, with the dwelling, an annuity which was bequeathed to me in the same manner, and by strict economy it is sufficient for the needs of the household; and your wages, though the same that I give Margaret, will be small. But Margaret is an expert seamstress, and I gave her all the time she could take from the work of the house to sew for others, and she doubled the wages given by me. This you cannot do, and I fear what I am able to give will not be sufficient to clothe yourself and the boy."

"All we want is a good, quiet home," said Granny, eagerly: "it ain't as though we had board to pay, and Timothy and me can make mighty little do when we have to."

"I will help you to keep yourselves comfortable in every way I can," said Miss Bowlsby; and so it was settled, and Granny hastened to her brother's dwelling, stopping to thank the kind dairy-woman on her way.

Miss Bowlsby had always known that Margaret

had a lover in the old country, had even been entertained with scraps of the correspondence between them, and amid an avalanche of loving expressions had sifted out that he had a mother, aged and nearly blind, and nothing but his duty and affection for her kept him from his "darlint Marget," but she had so many of her own troubles to recall that she scarcely realized the possibility of another near at hand, so looked upon Margaret's marriage in the light that she did the millennium, or any other certain but far-distant event.

Therefore when one fine morning she heard Margaret, proverbially demure in manner, and measured in her gait, fly upstairs like a girl of fifteen, and with her mature face rosy with joy, cry out, "Miss Bowlsby, darlint, Dennis has come!" she was so unprepared for the emergency as actually to rejoice with her.

Miss Bowlsby had never in her palmiest days possessed that inestimable blessing, a cheerful disposition. She could not let the dead past bury its dead. Instead of encouraging the waters of oblivion to roll over the troubles of the past, seeing that keeping them in memory could not benefit berself or

others, she fostered them by retrospection; therefore, to the last day of her life she never forgot the bitter sorrow of that dreary autumn afternoon when she bade farewell to the home which was never more to be hers. That very morning she had been as usual thinking of the past.

She recalled to mind for the hundredth time the sale of the personal property. This had occurred the day before she left, and the trampled flower-beds and the prints of careless footsteps on the neatly kept lawn had been dreary reminders of one exciting and sad day already in the past. Alone and for the last time, she had opened the door of every echoing room, stood gazing vacantly out of some particular window, where old recollections and associations were most poignant; stood in the closet which had been her playhouse in childhood and the receptacle of her little treasures in later years. Then she had slowly descended the stairs, empty to other vision, but to her thronged with vignettes of a happy home life; and she had longed inexpressibly for the "touch of vanished hands, and the sound of voices that were stilled."

She reflected upon the trying times which had fol-

lowed, after the property was wrested from her, when she had striven to think of ways and means to obtain a livelihood and prolong an existence which, in her then depressed condition of mind, she scarcely deemed worth the trouble of trying to prolong; and sick at heart, not knowing which way to turn, had merely drifted with the tide.

Persons of a statistical turn of mind may possibly remember how many accomplishments a celebrated French author was said to possess, any one of which could have provided her with a competency, had necessity demanded. Miss Bowlsby, in the bitterness of her soul, had reason to believe that, had it really come to a test, the French lady would, like her, have found herself terribly mistaken.

She, too, had thought herself, and was considered by others, accomplished; yet knew that not one of her acquirements could avail her in competition with those who had been trained to a specialty with the view of making it a business.

Instead of counting upon her fingers the many positions waiting for her acceptance, and being perplexed to decide, when all were so congenial to her tastes, and for which she was so competent, she had wondered, in the utter abandonment of despair, what upon earth she was good for, or why was she ever born, since in the whole world there seemed no place for her.

Shutting the outer door, which closed with a spring, she had drawn her black shawl around her shivering form, and sat down upon the porch step, too wretched for tears. The autumn winds sighed through the nearly leafless trees, scattering the gleanings of their harvest on the gravel walk at her feet, then on through the garden, rustling the blighted stalks of the dahlias and hollyhocks, which a few weeks before had been the pride of her foster-mother's heart, on through the rich meadow lands and grain fields, every foot of which had been dear to the loved foster-father, now at rest in the grave; then sighing in the woodland beyond, a requiem over her buried hopes.

In the distance she saw the stately poplars which sheltered "Ogilvie's Pride," and her thoughts had turned to Mark Ogilvie, now far away, striving amid new scenes to forget her, while she was left, miserable and alone, to battle with the world.

The gathering twilight had warned her that it

was time to depart, and rising wearily, she passed through the box-bordered path to the gate, and without looking back took her way to Dorton.

Among the few friendships which her reserved, or as most persons considered haughty, disposition had allowed her to cultivate, was an old schoolmate, who had married, and having other cares and interests had allowed her intimacy with Miss Bowlsby to die out; but in the hour of adversity she cordially offered the stricken girl a home until she could make some arrangement for the future, and it was to this friend she went that evening.

On her way past the village postoffice something prompted her to call; a vague hope in her heart that someone might possibly have written to her, though to designate the person might not have been within her power.

There was a letter for her, addressed in a cramped old-time style of writing, and full of surprise she opened it. It was from an invalid lady who resided in the very dwelling now occupied by Miss Bowlsby, a distant relative of her foster-father.

She had heard of the desolate condition of the adopted daughter, and in deep sympathy for her

trials, wrote a kind, affectionate missive, telling her to come to Baltimore and she would give her a home; which offer was immmediately accepted.

In this dwelling Miss Bowlsby had lived a quiet and serene life, and not altogether unhappy. She had been the faithful companion of the old lady who had befriended her, and after her death she lived on in the secluded way she had done for years; and now in turn was offering a home to Granny Edmonds, whose desolate condition she deeply pitied.

Thus it was that after many anxieties Granny obtained a good home for herself and Timothy, where they remained for several happy years; then Miss Bowlsby died, and they were again thrown upon the world, and had lived in the old tenement house about two years, when Timothy became the possessor of the little yellow dog.

CHAPTER IV.

A SURPRISE PARTY.

Directly opposite the elegant brownstone dwelling of Mrs. Willoughby, where little Christine had found a home, was a plain brick house occupied by a rising young lawyer, David Levering, his wife, and their little son Archie.

Mr. Levering had been a country boy; was the only son of Archibald Levering and Mercy Levering, his wife, who owned a farm and mill property near the village of Dorton, adjoining the lands of Mrs. Carleton and "Ogilvie's Pride."

David Levering it was who had been the new customer obtained by Timothy the morning of the day upon which he had rescued the yellow dog, and they had become fast friends.

As in case of Miss Bowlsby, the pensive eyes of Timothy had attracted Mr. Levering, and he felt drawn toward the boy more than to any he had ever known who was a stranger to him. Mrs. Willoughby and the Leverings were warm friends, owing originally to the fact that Mrs. Willoughby, being the daughter of Colonel Ogilvie, had known David all his life.

When, at the suggestion of herself and her late husband, David had studied for the bar with a college chum of Mr. Willoughby, Lawyer Dubreil—and afterward married the only daughter of Mrs. Garrigue, who had been a schoolmate of Mrs. Willoughby, the tie of friendship was strengthened, and it was first to them that the joyful intelligence was imparted of the arrival of little Christine, and Mrs. Garrigue and Mrs. Levering rejoiced with her and praised the beauty of the waif.

It was Mrs. Garrigue and the Leverings who rejoiced with her when it was ascertained by Captain Willoughby on the next voyage of the Miriam that the old lady of whom Christine had spoken was only step-grandmother, and was perfectly willing to let the child remain in the good home that Captain Willoughby had found for her, giving written testimony that Christine was an orphan, and no one had any claim upon her.

Thereupon Mrs. Willoughby adopted her as a

loved daughter, the name was changed from Christine to that of Mary Ogilvie, and all remembrance of her former name and home faded from her memory, never having been alluded to in her presence.

"But why not give her the name of Willoughby?" suggested Mrs. Levering when the subject of a name was under discussion.

"For the reason that I think my time on earth will be short, and when I am called away I wish Mary to go to "Ogilvie's Pride," at Dorton, to be under the care of my father. I shall bequeath all I have to her, and while spared will train her to use her possessions as a faithful steward should."

"I am sure you will train her rightly," said Mrs. Levering sincerely, "and I hope you will be spared many years."

"I hope so, at least until Mary is old enough to be contented at 'Ogilvie's Pride.' It would be lonely for a child, except during the summer when Richard's family is there. His daughter Isabel is very near the age of Mary, and they will be congenial companions here in the city as well as at 'Ogilvie's Pride.'"

"It is a lovely place," commented Mrs. Levering.

"When David took me out to Dorton for the first time, I though 'Ogilvie's Pride' the handsomest country-seat I had ever seen; with its pillared porticoes and cupola, and beautiful grounds it reminds one of some grand ancestral hall one reads of."

"Yet, it is a beautiful home, and Isabel, as only child of Brother Richard, will inherit it, and I am satisfied that she should. Mark, being the elder son, would have become its owner at father's death, but we all have every reason to believe that he is not among the living. He was father's favorite son, and his absence, and the uncertainty attending it, is a terrible trial to father."

Mrs. David Levering was a very beautiful and attractive woman, kind-hearted and amiable, and always cheerful so long as the sun shone; but rainy weather affected her spirits, and from the time it commenced until it ended, poor Mrs. Levering was under a cloud, strive as she would to conquer her despondency.

Her family might have been rendered miserable by these seasons of gloom and silence, had they been of natures capable of being rendered miserable; as it was, each accepted the visitation in his or her individual way. Mr. Levering staid out of the house all he could, Bridget contented herself with her beads and prayer-book in the comfortable kitchen, while Archie, who was too young to go to school except when the weather was fair, amused himself in his attic play-room or in Bridget's domain, where he was always welcome.

One evening after a long siege of rainy weather was culminating in a regular tempest, Mrs. Levering, who had been braiding a little suit for Archie without any interest in the pretty design growing under her skillful fingers, laid it aside, as it was growing too dark to sew upon it, and wandered aimlessly into the kitchen.

"Mr. Levering will not be home until late this evening, Bridget," said she to the sunny-natured girl who was folding the newly-ironed clothes from the rack by the glowing range, and crooning an Irish melody. "Business will detain him downtown, and you may set up anything you have on hand for Archie and myself; I do not feel as if I could eat anything, everything tastes alike to me, and nothing tastes right."

What the reply would have been will never be

known, for at that moment there came a resounding knock at the area gate, and throwing an old shawl upon her head, Bridget hastily responded to the call, returning immediately, almost breathless with surprise.

"It is two boys, ma'am," said she, "and they have come to a party here."

"A party!" echoed Mrs. Levering, "who in the world told them there was a party here?"

"I don't know, ma'am; I will go and ask them," replied Bridget, glad of the novelty and scenting jollity."

"Bring them in out of the rain, Bridget, until we find out what they mean," called Mrs. Levering from the door. "Of course," said she to herself, "it is a mistake, but what possessed them to come to the area gate?"

Bridget came in followed by the boys, who had been, in the meantime, joined by a third; and who, notwithstanding the soaking rain, were not so wet as might have been expected, owing to their having pieces of oil-cloth around them, which, upon inspection, proved to be entirely waterproof, while the last arrival wore an old dress coat, which made a useful, if not ornamental, overcoat for the party-seeking lad. That lad was Timothy.

They did not appear to think it expected of them to remove their dripping hats, but stood eyeing the good fire and Mrs. Levering with complacent smiles.

"You say you have come to a party," said the lady. "Have you not made a mistake?"

"Oh no, ma'am; this is the place your boy told us," said Timothy. "We went to the front of the house and took the number as soon as we sold our papers, and here it is," taking a scrap of the margin of a newspaper from his pocket, and showing the number, sure enough, in figures of magnificent proportions.

Mrs. Levering was bewildered. "What do you mean by selling out your papers?" questioned she.

"Why, you see we are newsboys, ma'am, every one of us," explained Timothy. "The Bulletin, Chronicle, Mirror, and several others will be along as soon as they can hire somebody to cry for them, as this one did," pointing to one of the oil-cloth-covered lads.

"I hope they will be successful," smiled Mrs. Levering, not knowing what else to say.

'Oh, they will," replied Timothy, confidently; "and we will pay them with something from the party, if you please, ma'am."

Mrs. Levering laughed outright, and Bridget's delighted giggle was an inspiration to the unexpected guests.

"Do each of you sell the paper whose name you have taken?" inquired Mrs. Levering.

"No, ma'am," replied Timothy; "we sell all; but you see all the boys who are coming tonight belong to a club, and we fixed it to call each other by the name of our papers, and we always call our own names first of mornings. I am the 'Morning Telegram.'"

"Go to the attic, Bridget, and tell Archie to come down. Take off your wraps, boys, and dry your feet, and we will see what can be done."

Bridget soon returned with the delinquent, who was accompanied by a neighbor's son about his own age, who was helping him to while away the rainy day.

"Archie, how did you happen to invite company without telling me, that I might be prepared for them?" said Mrs. Levering, gently.

"Why, I did tell you, mamma, don't you remember? I said that our teacher told the class last Sunday that we were not doing as much good in the world if we invited boys to a feast who had plenty to eat and to wear, and who could invite us in return, but he said we ought to invite the poor boys to whom such things were a great luxury. He said Jesus loved the lame and the halt and the blind, and if we would be like Him we must do as He did. So Johnny, here, and me told all the newsboys we met to come to a party tonight, and to bring all the lame and blind boys they could find. Don't you remember now, mamma?"

Mrs. Levering remembered with a pang of selfreproach that she had been so wrapped up in her selfish, gloomy thoughts the past week, that she had paid but little attention to her boy in any way.

"Shall I let the good seed sown by a stranger in the heart of my boy perish for want of care from his mother?" thought she. "Shall I shame him before his guests, and rob them of an anticipated pleasure, by refusing to make them welcome? No, I will rouse myself and make the best of it."

Bridget had in the meantime been summoned

again to the area gate, and had rescued two more guests; one a pale little cripple on crutches, carefully sheltered by The Evening News, who had not only succeeded in obtaining a substitute, but had borrowed an umbrella, which umbrella had seen its best days to be sure, being minus two stays, and patched with a different color; but demoralized as it was, it did not prevent the guests it sheltered from being warmly welcomed by Mrs. Levering and Archie, as well as their compatriots already upon the field.

The crippled boy, in particular, was warmly received by Mrs. Levering, whose heart was stirred into sympathy for suffering in any form. She had been upon the point of proposing that the boys should ascend to the play-room in the attic, which like the rest of the house was warm and comfortable, but out of consideration for the lame boy, she changed her plans, and sent two of the guests to help Archie bring down to the sitting room such things as they wished for the evening's entertainment.

The boys were scarcely settled when a ring of the bell took them all scampering to the front door, where stood three boys, one of whom was spokesman.

"I hope you will excuse me, ma'am, for not coming to the area gate this wet evening," said he, bowing over the heads of the boys to Mrs. Levering, who was coming to see what this method of announcement might portend, "but Buddy here." pointing to one of his followers, "is blind, and I thought you would not mind us coming in the front door, and I could not find a lame boy;" continued he apologetically to Archie, "so I brought the charcoal man's boy, who is deaf and dumb."

All these apologies being duly accepted, Mrs. Levering conducted the new arrivals to the kitchen to remove their wet wrappings and to dry their shoes, and when they rejoined the other guests in the parlor she went back to the kitchen to hold council with Bridget in regard to that all important event—supper.

"What in the world will we have, Bridget?" she questioned flurriedly, "there are nine in there now beside Archie, which makes ten, and there may be as many more for all we know, and it is too rainy to go out for anything."

"The asiest thing in the world, ma'am; I have been considering the same while you were in the parlor. There's the chickens in the yard that we were fattening for Thanksgiving; nothing in the world would be suitabler than them."

"But that would be only one kind of meat, Bridget, and perhaps some of them do not eat chicken; and now that they are here I would like them all to be satisfied."

"Trust me for that, ma'am; I never saw a boy yet that could not eat his weight in chicken, only give him the time. I will go this minute and tell the fowls they are invited to a party, and the kettle is singing as though it expected a broth of a time."

"I will make a lot of tea biscuits," said Mrs. Levering, "and while you are cooking the chickens will set the table."

"And if you plaze, ma'am, while the flour and other things are around, I will make some ginger-cakes; for next to a chicken stew with oceans of gravy, there's nothing a boy likes better than warm ginger cakes."

"Oh, Bridget, you are so thoughtful!" said Mrs. Levering, her heart beginning to grow lighter at the thought of giving pleasure to others; and with a cripple, a blind boy, and a mute in the next room, she began to realize that she had much in her life for which to be grateful.

Several additions were made to the company in the sitting room, and by the time the chicken pot-pie was smoking on the table the mirth was growing "fast and furious."

The boys were almost dazzled by the brilliancy of the dining room, the glitter of glass and china and silver under the bright gas-light.

Mrs. Levering had exerted herself to make it a feast indeed to the guests of Archie, and her table showed no lack of preserved fruits, jellies, and all the little extras which she could muster upon short notice. She judged that boys leading the active out-door life of the majority of them, were not troubled with nerves, so coffee the richest and tea the most fragrant graced the board, while the perfume of the baking ginger bread floated through the open kitchen door, where Bridget in the kindness of her heart was importing a choice stock of horses, cows and other animals for each and all, cut from the richly spiced ginger bread.

Mrs. Levering, while paying attention to the wants of the happy company, observed that while Timothy was evidently enjoying the rich pastry, potatoes and gravy which composed the pot-pie, his pieces of chicken were laid aside.

"Here is an exception to Bridget's rule," thought she, and watching for an opportunity she asked him in regard to it.

"Yes, ma'am, I love it," said he, "but there is plenty here without it, and I thought you would not care if I took my pieces to Granny; we share all we get with each other."

"Eat yours, and I will give you some to take to her, and after supper you will perhaps tell me about Granny;" said Mrs. Levering.

After supper was over, the table cleared away, and the boys enjoying the evening to their utmost, Mr. Levering came home, scarcely understanding for the moment what had befallen his hitherto quiet house. But none the less was he charmed to see so much jollity, and he gave the boys a cordial greeting; especially to Timothy, in whom he recognized an old friend.

When Mrs. Levering informed him how it all

came about, he resolved to do his part toward giving them a good time, so sent an abundant order for applies, and peanuts, and told them to help themselves, which they did to a man; and while thus happily engaged Mrs. Levering and Bridget made up packages for them to take home. The substitutes were not forgotten, nor Granny; for during a favorable moment Mrs. Levering and Timothy had a chat, and she gathered from his earnest speech that the poor in purse could be rich in spirit, and that affection could make happy even a home of poverty.

With her husband's approval she gave the boys the promise of another party, and took each name and address, and then all went their separate ways, after expressing hearty satisfaction with their entertainment.

Mrs. Levering had much food for thought suggested by her surprise party, and the first result was that she exerted her influence to obtain admission for the blind boy into an asylum for such unfortunates, and after each newsboys' party at her house she visited him, taking him his share of the good things. She was always accompanied by Archie, and sometimes by the Chronicle, Comet, or

one of the Weeklies, but never the Telegram, for destiny had willed that other homes should be provided for Granny, Timothy and the little yellow dog, and the old tenement-house suddenly vacated by its many occupants.

CHAPTER V.

GRACE DARLING.

Timothy had never before been privileged to experience the company a dumb creature can be for a person, although in one sense of the word, the yellow dog was far from being dumb. Her voice was very frequently heard during the day, particularly at such times as Timothy was on hand to encourage it.

The moment the boy's step was heard upon the creaky steps she flew to the door to meet him trembling with delight, and before he was a moment seated, she was all over him, running her sharp little nose into his pockets in search of peanuts, which he had taught her to eat—like a newsboy.

Timothy, always cheerful, was never so happy in his life as since becoming possessor of the dog; and a loving father with a large family of small children could scarcely have felt more solicitude for their maintenance than did he for his canine darling. As he passed the market on his homeward way, a penny bought choice scraps from a kind-hearted butcher, who had a fellow-feeling for Timothy, having dogs of his own. Sometimes the supply was so liberal that Granny made soup for the whole party, so that one might say the yellow dog contributed her share to the support of the household.

The boy was not satisfied to have his pet away from him at night, so trained it to sleep upon the foot of his bed.

Granny made no objection to this, and the moment she was ensconced under her old coverlet in the adjoining room, and Timothy commenced making preparations for retiring, the intelligent little animal with a skip and a jump, alighted in the exact spot it had occupied previous nights.

One night Timothy had fearful dreams. He thought a strong hand had clutched his throat. He heard sounds like huge animals would make in crashing through underbrush, and was awakened by a stinging pain on his arm. The dog had bitten him.

He arose in bed bewildered. She tugged at the bed-clothes, and then ran yelping to the door. The

suffocating smoke, the glare of light, and crackling tumult, warned Timothy that the old tenement was on fire. He sprang to his feet, grasped his overcoat, and rushed to awaken Granny. Dipping one of her stockings in water, he tied it over her nose and mouth and wrapping the coverlet about her, bade her run for life. Using the same precaution for himself, he with the yellow dog in his arms, flew over the building to arouse the sleeping inmates. He pounded and shouted, and the dog barked, and between them every person was saved. Some one on the street turned in an alarm; the engines arrived in time to prevent a serious conflagration, but not to save the worthless shell, which burned like a pile of shavings.

In the hurry and excitement, Timothy lost sight of Granny. When all had gathered shivering and homeless upon the pavement, she was not among them, although several had seen her leave the building.

Timothy and his dog were rushing off in search of her when a fireman hallooed. He had found a woman, half a square off, prostrate upon the ground and moaning with pain. It was Granny. In her

fright and bewilderment she had fallen and broken a limb.

Tears rained from the eyes of Timothy as he knelt beside her and clasped her hand in his.

"The hospital is the place for her, my boy," said the kind-hearted fireman, "I will notify them to send an ambulance for her."

When Timothy set out the next morning on his rounds, he considered himself grown old in experience. He had bravely remained with Granny during the ordeal of having her limb set and bandaged and had suffered in seeing her suffer, although she bore it wonderfully well; only the ghastly paleness of her face, and the corrugation of her brow, showing what she endured.

The hospital authorities kindly allowed him to remain with her until he could find another home, so he had the assurance that he had a place to return to when his duties were completed; and leaving her as comfortable as possible under the circumstances, and with the dog beside his bed, his cry of Morning Telegram was not so wanting in buoyancy as might have been expected, and his thoughts after his escape of the night, ran upon a name for his deliverer.

He had reached the corner where he usually sold a paper to Mr. David Levering, when he saw that gentleman coming toward him.

"Do you happen to know any lady who is great on saving folks' lives?" inquired Timothy as he handed him a Morning Telegram, and received the money for it.

Mr. Levering considered. "There was a little boy saved last evening from being run over by an ice-wagon, and it was a young lady who saved him," replied he.

"Oh," said Timothy, with a shade of scorn in his face, "I don't mean them people who pick and choose, but somebody who has not been stingy about it, but went in tooth and nail, and saved a lot."

"There was an English lady named Grace Darling who saved many lives; perhaps you allude to her."

"I was not alludin' to anybody in particular, sir, but that is the very name for her. Grace Darling! Thank you, sir; it suits exactly."

"I am glad you are pleased," smiled Mr. Levering, "and would like to know who is to be honored with the name of Grace Darling."

"It is my little yellow dog, sir, and she honors any name she gets," and Timothy briefly recounted the experiences of the night to which Mr. Levering listened attentively.

"She is indeed a noble and intelligent little animal," commented he, and promising to acquaint Mrs. Levering of Granny's change of abode, they parted, and a few moments after, Morning Telegram, Chronicle, Visitor and Comet, sounded from Timothy, as he rounded the next corner.

The following day Granny received a call from Mrs. David Levering, and Timothy received one from the fireman who had found Granny, and who had not forgotten Timothy's tears.

Mrs. Levering was one of the managers of the Aged Woman's Home, and had come to comfort Granny with the hope of admittance into that institution when able to leave the hospital, providing she was willing to enter.

Granny feeling her present and future helplessness would have hailed the prospect with delight, were it not for the thought of parting with Timothy, but at this juncture the young fireman appeared and offered him a place with Mrs. Carleton, the owner

of the homestead and farm once owned by Lawyer Bowlsby's, near the village of Dorton. With this offer came the assurance that Timothy need have no anxiety for his success in life, if fortunate enough to become a member of that prosperous and happy family.

"You see," said he, "I know all about them, for my uncle Grayson farms their place and lives in the tenant house, just across a field from their house. Every time I go out to Dorton, I go up to see them, for I went to school with the Carleton boys, and we have always been great friends."

"What are their names?" questioned Timothy, much interested.

"Rufus and Frank, and they are first-rate fellows, and smart as whips; they go to the Academy, now."

"Who else is in the family?" questioned Granny.

"No one except Mrs. Carleton and her father-inlaw, who is quite elderly. He is the finest old gentleman I ever knew; is a minister, but gave up his charge several years ago, owing to feeble health. The boys almost worship him, and no wonder, for he is a saint on earth, if there is one. He helps the boys with their lessons, and is the greatest company for them, especially since Mr. Carleton died, which was about two years ago."

"I have heard my husband speak of them," said Mrs. Levering, "his father's mill property is very near the Carleton farm. They are charming people, cultured and generous; Timothy may well be envied if he secures such a home."

"But can he get it?" said Granny anxiously, "did they say they wanted Timothy?"

"No, not Timothy particularly, because they don't know there is such a person, I suppose; but when I was out to see uncle Grayson a few weeks ago, Mrs. Carleton asked me to send her a good boy; and said they would make no effort themselves until they heard from me. They want him to go to Dorton on errands, and to do the little odd jobs about the house and farm that the Carleton boys did before they were old enough to go to the Academy."

"Timothy would suit 'em exactly," said Granny, with tears in her eyes, "when they say a 'good boy,' that means Timothy."

Seeing that Granny had a prospect of being provided for through the kindness of Mrs. David Levering, Timothy was willing to go to Dorton, and the

young fireman agreed to write to the Carletons that evening to tell them they might expect him the next day. He also promised to procure a seat for him in a market wagon which came three times a week from Dorton, leaving the city about the middle of the afternoon.

Then the fireman took his leave and shortly after, Mrs. Levering bade them good bye, promising Timothy to do all she could in aid of Granny, and then the two were left alone to talk of many things, the last evening they would be together for many years, although they did not know it.

"I am a poor ignorant old woman," concluded Granny, tearfully, "and don't know much about religion, but this much I do know, that if you do right and trust in God He will never forsake or forget you; trust in Him, Timothy, always."

The next day was a busy one for Timothy, for he wished to confer his route upon a boy who had once befriended him, and who in consequence occupied a warm place in the heart of the grateful newsboy.

After delivering his supply of morning papers as usual, he had to go in search of the one whom he designed should be his successor, and then go around

with him to point out the vantage grounds, give him a list of his best patrons, his transients, and any other little hints that might be of advantage.

By noon, all was satisfactorily arranged, and Timothy returned to the hospital to bid good bye to Granny before seeking the market-house where the good-natured countryman awaited him.

The parting was tearful, and Timothy was almost tempted to remain and provide for Granny and himself to the best of his ability; but his old nurse and caretaker was too unselfish to listen to this for a moment.

"All I ask of you, Timothy, is not to loose track of me," said she, tremulously, "there is a reason, a great reason why I don't want to loose sight of you, nor you of me. So don't let anything make you forget me."

"I will never forget you, Granny," said the boy earnestly, "and the first letter I write shall be to you."

Timothy had a refreshing trip to Dorton that beautiful afternoon, in a covered wagon drawn by sleek horses, and in company with a well-to-do farmer, who enjoyed answering the manifold questions in regard to the country through which they were passing.

When they reached the lane which led to the dwelling of Mrs. Carleton, they felt themselves better acquainted than months of casual meeting would have afforded them, and parted the best of friends.

As Timothy walked up the cherry-bordered lane, his artistic eye was charmed with the beauty of his new home, situated as it was upon gently rising ground in the midst of a finely cultivated region of country; one of the many beautiful dwellings of the neighborhood, several of them built upon just such knolls, homes of Mrs. Carleton's neighbors, who soon became Timothy's acquaintances and in time, his friends.

A fragrant, flowery meadow lay between the mansion and the farmhouse occupied by Farmer Grayson; in the valley lay the mill property of Archibald Levering; the village of Dorton was within easy walking distance, and beyond it surrounded by tall trees was the beautiful residence of Mrs. Willoughby's father—Colonel Ogilvie, and known in the neighborhood as "Ogilvies Pride."

The beautiful home of the Bowlsby's had not de-

teriorated in the hands of the Carletons, and after her husband's death, Mrs. Carleton kept every part of the well-cultivated farm under her own supervision, Farmer Grayson merely carrying out her plans, managing the details and boarding the laborers.

The Carleton family were favorably impressed with the appearance of Timothy, and made him and Grace Darling warmly welcome. The yellow dog soon becoming the pet of the household, while on his part, Timothy considered his new home so bright, cheery and comfortable, that had Granny been there to share it, he would have had nothing more to desire.

As the fireman had told him, his duties were light, and there was abundant time in which to cultivate his mind, which Mrs. Carleton in her goodness of heart resolved should be done.

She had a cousin who for a few hours each day taught a class of little ones, too young to go to the school at Dorton, and Mrs. Carleton bespoke a place in this class for Timothy, somewhat against the boy's inclination at first, for he was sensitive in regard to his want of scholarship.

But after the first day he became reconciled, his

deficiencies not being so prominent as they would have been among more advanced pupils. Cousin Melie was patient and kind, and he, in time, became used to the restraint so different from his newsboy life, and learned rapidly.

Cousin Melie was a maiden lady, and lived alone in a long, one-storied house of three compartments, with green shutters, porches overrun with honey-suckles and ivy, and a garden fragrant with old-fashioned flowers. This place had been her father's and her grandfather's, and Cousin Melie loved it not only for its comfort, but for the associations connected with it, and hoped to spend the remainder of her life within its comfortable walls.

Timothy had attended her school, which was in the largest room of the cottage but a few weeks, when it was burned to the ground.

To the wealthy the loss of the poor little dwelling might scarcely have cost a thought, but to Cousin Melie it was a real catastrophe which required all the philosophy she possessed to enable her to look upon it in the light of "All for the best," which had heretofore been her balm in every affliction.

How could it be expected that she should not for a

time at least, be dejected over the small bonfire which had run its course in half an hour, robbing her of home and occupation and furniture and clothing, if we may except the garments in which she had lain down to peaceful slumber, and in which she had only escaped with her life. Then every hour in the day she thought of something of which the devouring element had robbed her, articles which money could not replace, the portraits of her parents, the piano of her girlhood's days, treasured keepsakes and souvenir gifts of absent friends, of little value to any but herself, but the loss of which she deeply regretted.

But there was one good turn the fire did her, which in a manner compensated for the evil; it tried her friends and proved them to be good gold.

This home and that was offered the terrified, sadhearted woman; sympathy cheered her, loving words comforted her, and her friends and neighbors set about ways and means to help her recover from her loss. The little frame school house in Dorton, deserted after the building of a larger one, was owned by a corporation who set but little value upon it, and by the advice of her friends, Cousin Melie be-

came the purchaser, and had it moved to the spot where her cottage had stood.

Rooms were partitioned off, a neat portico went up, a picket fence with fancy gate enclosed the green lawn, and all who had taken part in it were proud of Cousin Melie's home.

Then came the day of days when she took possession, and the pupils and their mothers took as much interest in the proceedings as Cousin Melie herself; but first must be considered the many mistakes people made about that time in buying household goods.

Mrs. Carleton had bought a carpet at auction, bright and new-looking, but it did not seem inclined to fit a room in her house, but by a singular happenning it just fitted Cousin Melie's parlor, so there it was, smiling bright approval upon its new possessor.

Mrs. Mercy Levering had a cook stove, excellent, but not needed. Archibald having bought it at a sale, just because he did not get the farming implement he went for, and would not leave without buying something. So, shining in brilliant blackness, it was doing duty by sending clouds of steam from its bright little tea-kettle, while inwardly it was stuffed to repletion with good things.

And so with chairs and tables, curtains, dishes, and knick-knacks of all kinds; they seemed to be in the way everywhere else, so came to the moving and forgot to leave.

Everybody had a charming day; they stayed to dinner and supper, were in the best possible spirits, and had splendid appetites.

But no; there was one exception and that exception was Timothy. His spirits were at low ebb, and his appetite in consequence very poor. Moreover his eyes had a trick of filling with tears, and when all were bidding Cousin Melie good night at the end of this happy and ever-to-be-remembered day, he slipped out unnoticed, only to return to ask her to forgive him in a voice scarcely audible, and with hot tears chasing each other down his flushed cheeks.

All this so surprised Cousin Melie that she could not recover herself to ask for what she was to forgive him, until he was half way to Mrs. Carleton's, flying across the fields like a deer.

Cousin Melie was very busy the day after her reception, putting her dwelling in order by adjusting her possessions to the best possible advantage. She had agreed with her patrons to take two weeks' vaca-

tion for the purpose; and throughout that day and for several days the thought of Timothy and his singular request would, like Monsieur Tonson, return again; and she resolved the next opportunity to ask him the question which she had been too surprised to think of in time, the evening of the moving.

But it was some time before she had the opportunity; for although he frequently went across fields to the store and postoffice at Dorton, passing Cousin Melie's home on his way, it was late in the evening, and she had shut herself in for the night; and if she called at Mrs. Carleton's, Timothy was out about the place at work, and she did not wish to occasion inquiry by requesting to see him, so the occurrence was beginning to slip from her memory, when one snowy morning Mrs. Carleton's comfortable, roomy sleigh came to the door, her glossy, spirited horses driven by Farmer Grayson. Timothy was ill, and desired to see her, and as it was Saturday and no school, Mrs. Carleton had sent her word to come prepared to remain all day, and she would send her back in the sleigh in the evening.

Cousin Melie was quickly ready, pleased with the prospect of a pleasant visit.

"That boy has been droopin' and pinin' about something, and I can't for the life of me see what it is," remarked Farmer Grayson, as they skimmed lightly over the smooth surface. "He has seemed contented till the last few weeks, and chirk and merry as you please, when he come down to play a spell with our Harry; but lately he has got kind of nervous and don't seem to pay attention to what a body is sayin', and hasn't been down to see Harry for a week or more."

"It cannot be that he is discontented with his life here and longs again to cry newspapers," said Cousin Melie, reflectively, "he seems to be too intelligent not to appreciate the advantages he has in the family of Cousin Carleton. The example and influence of Grandfather Carleton alone, is an education for him, and they all seem to think so much of Timothy, that it would be a real disappointment if he is so ungrateful as not to be satisfied."

"Well, he is uneasy in his mind, that is certain, and thinks you can help him," said Farmer Grayson, as he stopped before the little gate which led to the front door of the Carleton dwelling, and Cousin Melie descended from the sleigh. "Mrs. Carleton

said you were to stay all day, and she is to blow the horn when I am to come to take you home."

Cousin Melie thanked him and tripped lightly up the shovelled path with its bank of snow on either side, and soon found herself in the comfortable and bright library where the family usually passed their leisure time, and from thence she went to the bedside of Timothy.

She found him turning restlessly upon his pillow, his beautiful eyes anxiously scanning her face as she advanced.

All she knew of Timothy was no more than did others in the neighborhood, and that was that he had been a newsboy in the city, had, like herself, narrowly escaped death by fire, and had come from the hospital to the generous home of her cousin, Eleanor Carleton.

She took the hot, tremulous hand of the boy in her's with a firm, tender grasp, and said kindly, "Now, Timothy, tell me freely what it is that troubles you."

"You will not put me in jail nor let anyone else arrest me if I tell you, will you?" replied the boy,

glancing around to be certain there were none to hear.

"I am sure you have done nothing to merit arrest; you have too much goodness in your face for that. Tell me what you are letting trouble you, just as if you were speaking to your mother, for you may trust me."

"Well, then," said Timothy, bursting into tears, "I set your house on fire, and you might have been burned up in it."

Cousin Melie could not forbear giving a startled look at the boy, in which was mingled a grain of suspicion.

"You did not do it intentionally, surely," said she.

"I don't know whether I did or not. Sometimes I think I did, and then again I am sure I did not. I was coming from Dorton with some boxes of matches, and as I passed your house I thought I would take off the lid of one of them; my finger nail scraped them, and the whole box was afire. I threw them from me, and I guess I aimed for your woodhouse window, but I am not sure, anyhow it went in there. I have been sorry ever since the moment I threw the burning matches away, that I did not stay

and waken you; and have wanted to tell you, but thought you or somebody would put me in jail, and Granny would get to know it, and it would break her heart, for she loves me, and has taken good care of me when I was not able to take care of myself. But I am sick now, and guess I am going to die."

Cousin Melie could scarcely restrain a smile at the tragical ending of the poor boy's confession, and lost no time in assuring him that he had suffered all the punishment he should suffer for his thoughtlessness. She assured him that it was only his troubled mind that made him imagine that he was about to die, and that not a creature should know the cause of the fire unless he himself told it.

"If I live to be a man and make money you shall have the piano and everything you lost, so far as I can get them for you," said he gratefully.

"I am sure you would, my dear boy, but we will not worry if I never have them again," replied Cousin Melie, cheerfully. "I should have left my treasures some day as one must sooner or later leave all earthly possessions, but they took the lead and left me."

Timothy's slumbers that night were profound and

refreshing, the best that he had enjoyed since his piece of amateur incendiarism; while Cousin Melie took to her quiet home the pleasant consciousness that another faithful heart was added to her already long list of friends.

CHAPTER VI.

ANGELS UNAWARES.

"Life hath its barren years;
When blossoms fall untimely down,
When ripened fruitage fails to crown
The summer's toil; when Nature's frown
Looks only on our tears."

One beautiful morning in June, Timothy was engaged in cutting the grass upon the lawn, while Grandfather Carleton, sitting in his arm chair on the porch was reading, pausing occasionally to speak a cheery word to the boy for whom he had a warm affection.

Timothy returned this affection with the earnestness of his loyal nature; in some measure he felt that the void in his heart from the separation from Granny was filled by this genial, gentle, grandfather of the two boys who treated him as a younger brother.

Without being conscious of it Grandfather Carle-102 ton formed a component part of a beautiful picture that balmy morning, for the wide porch was supported by white pillows which were almost hidden by running roses in perfect bloom, and each end shaded by a weeping willow, was gay with potted plants in luxuriant growth.

Many hours of each summer day he sat there, gazing dreamily upon the landscape with the serene look of the aged, who, standing upon the table-land between two worlds, views the receding of one which he has loved because his Father made it and pronounced it good, but looking peacefully forward to the more beautiful one to which he is but awaiting his summons.

"Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares," he repeated, as if coming events had cast their shadows before, and he was preparing the entertainers for the reception of an angel.

"What did you say, grandfather?" asked Mrs. Carleton from within.

"I was only thinking over something I was reading this morning; thinking aloud as I have a way of doing."

"Oh," replied his daughter-in-law, in a tone of relief, "I thought you said that strangers were coming and I know that Timothy would be so disappointed if we are prevented from driving into the city to-day. I have promised to take him to the hospital to see Granny Edmonds, and this being a holiday in the school it suits exactly to go. We will set out directly after dinner that I may be back in time to stop in Dorton to take tea with Mrs. Hoyt."

"Are you sure that Mrs. Edmonds is yet in the hospital?"

"No, I am not quite sure. In the last letter that Timothy received from her, written by one of the nurses, she was able to make herself useful in many ways, and they were willing to keep her there until a vacancy occurred in the Home, of which Mrs. David Levering was to inform her. If she is not at the hospital it will take but a little longer to drive to the Home."

Dinner was served and the family gathered about the board, Grandfather Carleton asking the blessing and Timothy, with the others, bowed his head in reverent attention, but it must be confessed that his thoughts wandered to the pudding which was to form the dessert, and for which he had picked the cherries while the morning dew moistened their glossy surfaces. Fanny brought it in, in all its golden and ruby perfection, the first cherry pudding of the season, therefore the first that Timothy had ever shared, and he was not behind Rufus and Frank in his appreciation of its merits.

"The stage is coming up our lane, mother," said Frank, who had passed his plate for a second slice, "somebody is coming to dinner."

"It is Miss Jane Houston, by all that is magnificent!" ejaculated Rufus, the elder son, as he glanced from the window at the stage which had already stopped at the gate. "There she is, pattern box and all, I have seen that old box ever since I was a baldheaded baby and would know it in Patagonia. You are in for a visitation, mother, that is certain."

"You will have to wait on her as if she were a queen, Fanny," supplemented Frank, "then if you happened to meet her out, she would not speak to you, because you work for a living, would she, mother?"

"You might as well make the best of this trying dispensation, mother," laughed Rufus, glancing at

the discomfited face at the head of the table. "I forgot to tell you that Mrs. Hoyt told me yeserday that Miss Jane has left the Aged Woman's Home, and we might look for her any day."

"Left there!" commented Mrs. Carleton, in dismay, "and we all thought she was fixed for life."

"Poor creature, she is to be pitied," murmured good old Grandfather Carleton. "I think I heard you say that you needed a new gown made, Eleanor?"

"Yes, father, but not from her old patterns, seasons behind the times. I could not have the conscience to palm off such antiques upon her, and then jest about it as I have known some persons do. Go to the door, Fanny, and invite her into the parlor."

The boys in the meantime had scampered out to have a chat with the stage-driver, and Grandfather Carleton had a word with his daughter-in-law as she prepared to meet her unwelcome guest.

"Welcome her kindly, daughter," he said, "you will feel the better because of it. You are by nature generous and kind-hearted, hide not your light under a bushel, but let it give light to all who are in the house."

"But I cannot leave her the moment of her arrival to take Timothy into the city, particularly as I must excuse myself to her to take tea with Mrs. Hoyt; he will be disappointed."

"Leave that to me, daughter; I will explain to him that the visit is only postponed; he is sensible, tractable and obedient. It may be that Miss Jane can tell you if Mrs. Edmonds is in the Home."

"Yes, I did not think of that; no doubt but she can give me the exact information I wish."

It was not this hope of assistance herself, however, that changed her feeling in regard to the illtimed visit, but the advice of the aged man was not without effect, and in the short journey between the dining-room and parlor the word in season had sprung up, blossomed and bore fruit.

Miss Jane was seated upon the very edge of a chair, her eyes fixed upon the door through which she expected her hostess to enter, and wearing the wistful expression often seen upon the countenances of dumb creatures, her patterns already in hand, as if hoping by this poor little recompense to earn the privilege of tarrying for a little while in her pilgrimage through the world.

She was somewhat below the medium height, but symmetrical in form with perfectly modeled hands and feet, dark blue eyes and fair complexion with a tinge of rose in cheeks and lips, a sprightly manner which her years of dependence had been unable to subdue, yet with these attributes went a haughty, reserved manner, far from agreeable to those whom she considered her inferiors, and not approved by those whom she looked upon as her equals and who entertained her upon sufferance.

Her abundant hair was covered by a black lace cap, always rusty, but never seeming to grow more so, and her costume was made up of the heterogeneous articles bestowed upon her by the different persons with whom she sojourned, but notwithstanding the disadvantages pertaining thereto, her appearance was distinguished. Her manner and accent were French, inherited from the Canadian ancestry on the mother's side, but she was born upon English soil, had spent her childhood there and in Canada, but the most years of her troubled life under the Stars and Stripes.

She arose upon Mrs. Carleton's entrance and came toward her with an airy, graceful motion, characteristic of her, and in a thin, vibrating voice, which Mrs. Hoyt had always averred was the most disagreeable sound in the world, said hurriedly:

"I did not know but you were out this lovely day; at least I feared so. I asked the stage driver to halt at Mrs. General Porter's and at Mrs. Colonel Hoyt's, but unfortunately both ladies were out, so I came here to make you a visit and help you with your summer outfit."

"Will you come to the dining-room and take dinner, Miss Jane?" asked Mrs. Carleton kindly, "we have finished, but Fanny will make some fresh tea for you, and see that you are well served."

"Thank you, I shall be pleased to accept your kind invitation. I expected to dine with Mrs. General Porter or Mrs. Colonel Hoyt, but as neither of those ladies were at home, I shall be glad to pay you a visit and am so glad to find you in, for I long to chat with you this afternoon. I can visit them some other time."

Now Mrs. Carleton knew that Mrs. Porter would not have been out to anybody but Miss Jane Houston, and as Mrs. Hoyt had invited company to tea, it was not at all likely that she was from home, but if Miss Jane did not suspect, why enlighten her?

Under the unexpected cordial welcome which Mrs. Carleton had vouchsafed her, Miss Jane's spirits revived like wilted weeds under a summer shower, and she followed to the dining-room at a brisk gait. Mrs. Carlton had received her kindly, and Miss Jane knew by years of eleemosynary experience that even the mere apology of a welcome was everything; let her but once gain a foothold and all that followed was plain sailing.

"These peas are so delicious," she commented later, as seated at the hospitable board, she helped herself bountifully for the second time. She had been compelled for so many years to push her way that what most of her entertainers denounced as her presumption she looked upon as only necessary care for her wants.

"I am invited out to tea this afternoon, Miss Jane," said Mrs. Carleton as they took their seats in the porch where Grandfather Carleton had preceded them, "I received the invitation before you came and accepted it, so hope you will excuse my going."

"Oh, certainly; do not make a stranger of me, I beg; I am such a very old friend. I will sleep awhile this afternoon, and will be the brighter to enjoy your society this evening."

Very pleasantly the ladies chatted until it was time for Mrs. Carleton to dress for her visit, and all themes discussed seemed agreeable to the guest except that of her sojourn at the Home.

"Did you happen to meet with a woman by the name of Mrs. Edmonds while in the Home, Miss Jane?" asked Mrs. Carleton.

"I made no acquaintances whatever, and have not heard the name for years," replied Miss Jane, rather stiffly, and her gaze rested on the lawn with the unseeing look of one whose thoughts were far away.

When Mrs. Carleton left the porch, Miss Jane returned to the parlor, and opening the piano she played and sang the airs that had been favorites in her youth, and which were associated in the minds of the younger members of the families she visited, with the sprightly gait, the lace cap and the box of ancient patterns.

"You have a visitor," commented Mrs. Hoyt, soon after her guests were seated in her pleasant parlor. "I watched the stage after it left the village, and saw it go up your lane."

"Yes, Miss Jane Houston came very unexpectedly," smiled Mrs. Carleton in reply; "I was informed that you were not at home, so I came in second best."

"She called at our house, too," said Mrs. Porter, "but I did not wish to receive her. I have not a particle of sympathy for her since she left the Home. Just think of her ingratitude, when a good home was provided for her by our united efforts, the entrance fee collected, and we rejoicing that her trials were over for this world and ours also, so far as she was concerned, she must leave there in three weeks because her room was next to a woman who had worked for her living."

"Yes, she spoke of her short stay," rejoined Mrs. Carleton, "but did not give that particular instance as a cause. She said she never drew a contented breath while there, and could not endure the society of the other inmates, she felt so superior to them."

"Indeed! and pray what is she but a pauper?" cried Mrs. Porter warmly. "It seems to me that I would endure anything where I felt I had a right to

be, rather than submit to the slights she receives from those she intrudes upon, that is if she feels them."

"I have about concluded that she has neither feeling nor honest pride in her composition, or she would not subject herself to slights by going where she is not wanted," supplemented Mrs. Hoyt.

"Yet, I consider her an honorable, conscientious woman," said Mrs. Carleton; "I never knew her to say or do anything to injure any one."

"Yes, I grant that she is harmless, but so worthless; I really do not know what her mission is on earth except to bother others. She has a good education and is well read; why has she never made any use of her knowledge?"

"Because she considers it beneath her dignity to do anything for her self-support, I think," replied Mrs. Carleton. "I suppose we should make some allowance for her early training."

"But who knows how she was trained?" replied Mrs. Porter, "we have only her word for it, and we know that her mind runs upon money which should have been hers. We all know the story by heart of her wealthy grandfather in England, and the fine

ancestral home there, where she played when a child; of her grandfather dying and leaving two sons, of which her father was the younger, therefore had no share in the property which was entailed, her uncle inheriting it; of her father and mother coming to Canada, where her mother had inherited a large property from a relative; of her parents dying and an uncle of her mother's being appointed guardian to Miss Jane, who was their only child; of his getting the property in his own name and leaving Canada for St. Louis."

"Yes, we have all heard the story many times," assented Mrs. Carleton. "People doubt it, but Miss Jane is truthful, and really believes what she tells. Moreover, Dr. Harkness, Mrs. Archibald Levering's brother, lives in St. Louis, and says that it is believed by many persons there that Miss Jane's uncle appropriated her money to his own use."

"Well, I can not judge," commented Mrs. Porter, thoughtfully, "I only know that the president and his cabinet, and the governor and all the rest of the dignitaries of the land have had a surfeit of petitions from her; I guess they only laugh at her and let the matter end where it began."

"But how does she manage to travel in cars and steamboats and stages free of charge?" questioned Mrs. Hoyt. "I never heard of any other person being so favored."

"How does she creep into our homes and stay as long as she pleases?" was the response of Mrs. Porter; "I never heard of anybody inviting her, nor of any one turning her out when they grew tired of her. And she must go to the best places, too; no shoddy for her, nor poverty, but goes where there is some one to wait on her."

"Yes, and the maids seem to think it a compliment, although well knowing she never notices them except when she wishes some service," rejoined Mrs. Hoyt. The subject of Miss Jane's ingratitude in leaving the Home having been thoroughly discussed, Mrs. Porter and Mrs. Hoyt agreeing that they would never be at home to her, the conversation drifted to other themes, and the afternoon passed pleasantly away.

When Mrs. Carleton reached home she found Miss Jane walking slowly down the lawn path, halting now and then to cull a flower, a rosebud in her belt.

"I have had a delightful afternoon," she averred as Mrs. Carleton bade her a pleasant good evening. "I slept until near tea time, then dressed and since then have taken tea and enjoyed this labyrinth of sweets. I hope you have had a pleasant visit, Mrs. Carleton."

"Very pleasant indeed."

"And did Mrs. General Porter and Mrs. Colonel Hoyt inquire for me? I am sure they did, for we are such old friends."

"I believe they did," faltered Mrs. Carleton, "but the evening air grows cool, had we not better go into the house, Miss Jane?"

"Perhaps we had," replied her visitor in a depressed tone, and while Mrs. Carleton went to lay aside her bonnet and gloves, she took a chair at the side of Grandfather Carleton on the porch, and commenced from the very beginning to tell him of her early wealth, of the guardianship of her uncle, of his appropriating the funds, and refusal to allow her even a pittance for her support, of his living in luxury in St. Louis upon her money, and his positive determination to receive no communications or visits from her. Of the efforts she had made to get others



"She took a chair at the side of Grandfather Carleton on the porch"

to interest themselves in her cause, of her failures and disappointments for want of money to carry on a suit against her uncle

"But my prospects are better now than they have been for a long time," said she in conclusion. "I have just returned from Washington where I went to obtain legal advice in regard to my property, and two members of congress have given me their best wishes for its recovery and have said they hoped to aid me to obtain my rights. They say it is really too bad that I have been kept out of it so long; so I am living in hourly expectation of a message from my uncle in St. Louis saying that he has given the property back to me."

"I hope you will be so fortunate; I hope so indeed, Miss Jane; you have my best wishes also," replied Grandfather Carleton.

"Thank you! You are very kind. I have so many good friends. Good night."

An hour after every member of the family excepting herself had retired to rest, Mrs. Carleton in passing the door of Miss Jane's room was arrested by the sound of bitter but suppressed weeping. Spellbound, she stood, revolving in her mind what

was best to be done. Should she enter, ask the cause and try to comfort? Would it not be looked upon as an intrusion? She feared so, yet could not bear to think of sorrow under her roof and no effort made to alleviate it. Knocking gently, and calling Miss Jane's name softly, she waited admission.

A few moments of delay and the door opened, and Mrs. Carleton was courteously bidden to enter.

Miss Jane was too well bred to show any sign of surprise at the ill-timed visit; all her thoughts were apparently bent upon entertaining her visitor. Her opportunities for showing hospitality were so limited that she appeared gratified with the chance of evincing it. The most comfortable chair in the room was drawn up for her guest, while she took another with her back to the light.

Her open Bible was lying upon the table, beside which she had evidently been sitting, and her black lace cap had been removed and carefully placed upon a chair back; and Mrs. Carleton seeing her for the first time in her life without it, could not help noticing how haggard and careworn she looked.

Not the least allusion to her sorrow did Miss Jane make, and Mrs. Carleton could not introduce the

subject, so her call ended in merely ascertaining that Miss Jane was fixed comfortably for the night, that she should not disturb herself to rise early in the morning, and then good night!

Mrs. Carleton went to her own room, lay awake the best part of the night and pondered. Was this dark hour an unusual occurrence in the life of the poor wanderer, or was it one of many? Was the self-sufficient, everyday manner natural to her, or was it but a veil to hide the sadness of an overtried and desolate heart? Mrs. Carleton resolved to watch her guest narrowly the ensuing morning to see if the conflict of the night-time had left any token by which she could judge.

On her part she would make Miss Jane more welcome than she had ever yet done. It was possible that the bread of dependence might be bitter to even Miss Jane Houston; she would do all in her power to render it less so.

Toward morning she dropped into a troubled slumber and when they met at breakfast no one would have suspected by Miss Jane's manner that she had wept the greater part of the night.

The next morning Timothy, who had been to the village post office, came up the path. Grace Darling frolicking about him in her usual manner, and he could not resist the temptation to echo his old time cry as he held up a paper, "Here's your Morning Telegram! Only two cents!"

"There was an old lady in the Home who talked of Timothy and the Morning Telegram," she said as Timothy came on the porch where she was sitting.

"Please tell me of her," he said, his eyes bright with surprise and joy.

"They called her Granny," she replied a little stiffly. "She never talked to me, of course. I only overheard her talking to others. Her room was next to mine."

Miss Jane had not condescended to speak to the boy except to utter a command, but something prompted her to take interest in telling him all she knew of Granny Edmonds, and in the gratitude of his heart Timothy took her small white hand in his and pressed his lips reverently upon it.

Mrs. Carleton from within was a witness of the little scene and resolved that Timothy's visit to the

Home should be delayed no longer, and that very afternoon they set out.

The meeting was one of unalloyed pleasure to both, Granny shedding tears of joy at Timothy's improved appearance.

"There was a lady here, Tim," she said during his stay, "who looked so much like somebody I knowed when you was a baby, that if she wasn't dead I would a'thought it were her. An' she had the name of that 'uns father, Tim, and she told one of the women here that she was a goin' to Dorton. If you ever sees her, Tim, treat her fair, not only because she is a lady, but because of her looks, and because of her name. I'll tell you all about it some day, Timothy; all I ask of you now is to treat her fair because of her looks, and her name."

"What is her name, Granny?"

"It is Miss Jane Houston."

"Why, Granny, that is the very lady that told me yesterday of you; she is living at Mrs. Carleton's," cried Timothy.

"The ways of Providence is wonderful," murmured Granny in an awed tone, "yes, wonderful. Treat her fair, Timothy, for she is a real lady." The beautiful summer changed into autumn and still Miss Jane lingered in the home of the Carletons. A change had come over her in those weeks; from being sprightly and cheerful, she had grown languid and silent. She had ceased to speak of the property which had been her theme; for weeks her uncle's name had not passed her lips. Each morning her rising was delayed a little longer and one bright morning in September, her last on earth, she was too weak to rise.

"Thank God," she murmured lifting her eyes to heaven, "my wanderings are nearly over. I am going Home, and none but those who are homeless can appreciate that dear name as it deserves. You have all been so kind to me, and I pray God to reward you," she continued, her gaze resting upon the sorrowing ones about her, among whom was Timothy weeping silently. "If you ever see my uncle, tell him that I forgive him for betraying the trust reposed in him, forgive him for my blighted life. I tried to forget that I had property, but I could not; I was always waiting, waiting."

A pause of exhaustion followed and Mrs. Carleton bathed her damp forehead with bay-water and

gave her a spoonful of cordial, which revived her failing strength.

"I have nothing to bequeath," whispered Miss Jane, sadly, "nothing to recompense you for all your goodness to me. Only one little token of gratitude can I leave you," she continued pressing the hand of Mrs. Carleton, "my prayer book; take it with the blessing of the desolate one you have befriended. My Bible is for Timothy; read it, dear boy, faithfully and prayerfully; it has been my solace in this troubled life. Bid my friends farewell for me. I tried to be patient and not envy those who had homes and dear ones, and at whose firesides I was not needed or wanted, but it is all done with at last, and in God's own good time."

Peacefully Miss Jane Houston closed her weary eyes upon the world, and as Mrs. Carleton looked upon the placid face upon which lingered a smile, she felt that she had indeed entertained an angel and not altogether unawares.

CHAPTER VII.

ARCHIBALD LEVERING'S VISIT.

In the meantime there had been changes in the homes of Timothy's city friends. Mrs. Willoughby had been called to come up higher, and the brownstone dwelling, which had been her home, was sold, Mr. David Levering—Timothy's newspaper patron—becoming the purchaser, and little Mary Ogilvie—the Christine of Timothy's sea voyage—was at "Ogilvie's Pride."

Thus without either of them being aware of it, the two former subjects of the Queen were in beautiful homes in sight of each other, and of the cottage occupied by Aunt Ursula and Madame Angela, who were equally ignorant of the fact that the two bright, beautiful children who were such a mystery to the other passengers, could be seen by them any hour of the day, had they so willed it.

Mrs. David Levering was not a foolishly ambitious woman, but it was a great pleasure to her to

become possessor of the brown-stone dwelling. Her mother,—Mrs. Garrigue—was happily interested in it also; she had been a widow several years, and this only daughter was her happiness in life. Time had dealt gently with Mrs. Garrigue, and she might have readily passed among strangers as an elder sister of Mrs. David Levering.

In the busy time of furnishing the new house, in which Mrs. Garrigue took active part, Mr. Levering complained of illness, which grew more serious and the physician was in daily attendance. His mother—Mercy Levering—came the moment the word reached Dorton that she was needed, and she and the young wife, assisted by Mrs. Garrigue, watched faithfully by the sick bed. But the fever speedily ran its course, and the very day they were to have left the home where they had lived happily since David brought her there a bride, Mrs. Levering became a widow.

The first fortnight after this great bereavement seemed a blank to the stricken creature; she had but little thought beyond her great loss; even the care of her two children seemed scarcely to arouse her to interest in the life about her. One rainy morning she was sitting by one of the windows of the nursery, her babe upon her arm, gazing absently at the watery streets and her thoughts busy with days that were gone never to return.

The dampness had tempted her pliant hair into many curling tendrils which gave a childlike youth-fulness to her sweet, expressive face. Her dress of black was in contrast to the white robe of the infant, and the crimson plush chair in which she sat, but she was entirely unconscious of the pretty picture they made.

She had seen her father-in-law's old fashioned carriage pass up the street a few minutes before, therefore was not surprised when the doorbell rang and Bridget admitted a visitor, to hear the sound of a cane ascending the steps and the firm tread in the hall leading to the nursery betokening a visit from Archibald Levering.

He knocked and waited until bidden to enter, then stood a moment upon the threshold, the sight of his daughter-in-law's somber robes bringing painfully to memory the loss he had sustained in the death of his only son. He had not been a frequent visitor, this being but the second time he had crossed

the sill of his daughter-in-law's home; the first time being the day of the funeral.

He was of medium height, with regular features, dark gray eyes and the fair complexion which characterized his son. His brown hair, abundant and well cared for, was worn so long that it almost concealed the velvet collar of his coat. His appearance was neat and trim, although his costume was at least twenty years behind the times, it being the suit of blue broadcloth bought for his wedding and which had never known change or renewing. The color might be a shade faded, the waist of the coat a few inches too short for the prevailing style, even in his own estimation, but he was suited in them and cared nothing for the opinion of others.

That garb was donned for funerals in the neighborhood of Dorton, and when he came to the city on business, and upon his return was brushed and restored to its peg in the clothes-press by his patient wife, Mercy.

The hat, which he had not yet removed, was a tall silk one, also bought for his wedding and showing more signs of antiquity than the suit of blue. This hat had passed all its days in the clothes-press of the farm house wrapped in the bandana handker-chief, which when the hat was in use reposed lightly upon the crown of the wearer. It was worn to David's funeral and had provoked mirthful, though not ill-natured comments, which had they been repeated to him would not have cost him more than a passing sneer at the frivolity and empty-headedness of his critics.

In his youth he had been considered handsome, and the elderly people of the neighborhood were cognizant of the fact that he had been disappointed in love; but by whom and for what cause, they could not say. Of one thing they were certain, and that was, that he was a changed man from a remembered date, and no more resembled the buoyant, jovial young man who had been the life of every company than day resembled night.

He was indifferent to the world and its opinions and was apparently oblivious of the fact that he was considered eccentric by his neighbors. Solitary from that date, he wished for no society, and it gradually ceased to force itself upon him. The clatter of his mill was all the company he desired

through the day, and a book treating of geology or agriculture all that he appeared to need for his evenings, when with table and lamp to himself he read far into the night. Imperious and arbitrary he certainly was, but those who had dealings with him found him truthful, single-minded and honest to a farthing. In his family, though for the most part silent, he was generous, even-tempered and indulgent; he wished leave to live his own life, and accorded every member of his family the same privilege.

"The woman down stairs told me that you were alone, Amanda," said he as his daughter-in-law arose to welcome him, "and I was glad to hear it, for I wish to talk business affairs with you and do not care to have your fashionable friends dawdling about."

Mrs. Levering was somewhat startled by the word "business," but made no sign as she offered him an arm chair, which he waved aside and took a straight backed one beside it.

"Very well, father, let me take your hat and cane," she said.

There was no acknowledgement that he heard her, neither did he make a move to relinquish his cane, or remove his hat, so Mrs. Levering resumed her seat and awaited developments.

"Amanda, how much money had David in hand at the time of his death?" he asked abruptly.

"Do you mean in the house?"

"Certainly, I mean just that," was the grim reply.

"Very little; I suppose he kept it in his office or in a bank or somewhere," she said vaguely.

"Do you know anything about his business; did he ever consult you in any of his undertakings?"

"No, I do not remember that he ever did, except in the matter of buying the dwelling of the late Mrs. Willoughby. He knew that I admired it, and was anxious that he should buy it, and he became owner of it to gratify me more than any other reason."

"And so you never took any interest in his business," commented her father-in-law depreciatingly, "but just went blindly on, living from hand to mouth with no more care for the future than the birds of the air."

"My husband was a competent lawyer, and had a good practice for one so young," said Mrs. Levering tearfully. "I have heard Lawyer Dubreil say that he was a promising man, and he was proud to say that he had been his instructor in law."

"I wish that he had never left the country," said Mr. Levering with a touch of remorse in his tone. "I believe he would have been living now if he had stayed on the farm, and not been harassed by business."

"I don't think business worried him, father; he was always cheerful. He never asked my advice, and I did not know it could be of use to him. I supposed him competent to manage his affairs, and am sure that he was."

A silence followed. Her visitor rested his crossed hands upon his cane and gazed gloomily into the glowing grate. Mrs. Levering gazed steadily from the window at the streaming rain.

"You play on the piano, Amanda," said Mr. Levering, at length arousing from his revery; "do you think you could earn your living by it?"

"I do not imagine it will be necessary for me to do anything of the kind, father; I suppose we will go on living as David and I had arranged." Mr. Levering looked at her as one would view a perverse child.

"You have not answered me, Amanda; I want you to think and tell me exactly what you can do in that way."

"I can play tolerably well, father, and had intended teaching Archie when he is old enough, that I might save David the expense of paying for lessons," she said with a sob, as the thought of her lonely widowhood came over her.

"So you do not know enough to teach other people's children?" said he almost sadly, as she endeavored to check her tears.

"I do if they would only think so, but every one wants experienced teachers for their children, and you know I am not that."

"Could you earn anything by making these gimcracks women nowadays waste their time in?" said he, pointing with his cane to the tidies and other fancy articles which ornamented the room.

"I do not suppose any person would care to pay much for what I could make," replied she, more for the sake of giving an answer than for any interest she took in the conversation; "my work would be considered very plain in competition with those who do such things for money."

"Could you teach school?"

Though Mrs. Levering was patient by nature and trained from childhood to respect her elders, she was growing restive under this avalanche of questions.

"Really, father," said she somewhat petulantly, "I don't know what I might do if there should arise necessity for it, but school-teaching is the very last thing I would do. I have sufficient education for it, I suppose, but I could not weigh in the balance with those who are trained to it, besides I heartily dislike it."

"It is no use to ask in regard to housework," remarked he, glancing at the small white hands from which the rings had been removed and a solitary mourning band taken their place, "what do you think of doing?"

"As you know we were to have moved to our new dwelling a fortnight ago. We expect to go the latter part of this week, and my mother, who since my father's death has no one with her but the servants, will rent her place and come to live in our new home with me. She will bring only her maid, which with our good Bridget, will be sufficient, we think, although the house is much larger than this."

"Do you happen to know what David paid on the house?"

"Not much, I think I heard him once say. One day when mamma was here they were talking about it, and she went on his paper, or his security or something."

"Yes, and will lose every dollar of it for her pains," replied he bluntly.

Mrs. Levering was aroused at last.

"What did you say, father? Why will she lose it; the house is still there?"

"Amanda, you did not ask my advice in your affairs, nor crave my assistance in any way, and I suppose you do not want it. But your husband was my son, and I cannot help feeling an interest in his children. I heard that his affairs were crippled, so made it my business to enquire into them. I employed a lawyer to ferret it out, and find that after all the debts are paid, you will not have a dollar. Your mother, it appears, has been going on his paper ever since his marriage, and let me tell you that he had no

more business to buy that Willoughby house than I would have to buy Niagara Falls as a water power for my mill; the consequence is that she, like yourself, is not worth a dollar."

The color had been receding from the face of Mrs. Levering while her father-in-law had been speaking, and when the last word dropped from his lips, her eyes closed, and Mr. Levering had only time to spring forward and take the infant from her unresisting arms ere she fell back in a swoon.

"Well, women do beat all nature!" said he almost angrily; "one minute chipper and independent as you please and the next lying around like dead weeds; now what is to be done?"

The brilliant scarlet and green bell-cord hung within reach of his hand; but bell-cords and bells had played but little part in Archibald Levering's homespun existence. If he noticed it at all, it was coupled in his mind with the tidies and other "gimcracks" which met his view on every side, all of which he denominated "trumpery" of neither beauty nor use.

He seized his cane and gave several resounding knocks on the nursery floor to summon assistance, but they only served to alarm the infant, who set up a terrified scream, without bringing Bridget, who had utilized Mr. Levering's visit by going to a neighboring store for needed articles for the day.

In the meantime Mr. Levering was doing what little he knew in the way of reviving the unconscious woman. His wife had never fainted in her life; weak, nervous woman though she was, and Hesba, his maiden sister, had nerves as strong as her will, which was saying much for them, so his experience was limited. In the emergency he was compelled to do something, so he clapped her soft hands together, raised the window and fanned her with an almanac that happened to be within reach, then as a new thought struck him, went to the wash stand and returned with a glass of water with which he bathed her pallid face.

He was at his wits' end, and was upon the point of leaving her to summon assistance, when she opened her eyes, and feebly reached out her arms for her wailing babe.

Mr. Levering quickly raised it from the floor, where in his perplexity he had placed it, and restoring it to her arms, with a sigh of relief, resumed his chair and took his cane.

Archibald Levering had no love for his daughterin-law; in his heart he looked upon her as a useless affair, the last woman he would have selected as a helpmeet for his son, had he been asked to make a choice.

He had hoped until too late that David would marry some young girl in the neighborhood of Dorton, who having been born and raised in the country would be satisfied to live upon the farm, which he designed that David should inherit when he was gathered to his fathers.

This farm had been in the Levering name for generations, gradually improved until it was one of the best in the neighborhood.

The choice that David had made in a wife was therefore a bitter disappointment to Archibald, which was not lessened when she paid her first and only visit to the homestead; for he saw in her a slender, fair young creature, cultured and accomplished but totally unfit, as well as unwilling, to live upon a farm and take part in its work.

He said nothing of his disappointment then or after, but Mrs. Amanda knew as well as did David that only for his sake would she be made welcome by her father-in-law, so she went no more.

This meeting was, therefore, only the third since Mrs. Levering had been his son's wife; and now David was gone, and her father was gone, and she had no brother, and so far as he knew no relative or friend who could look after her interests, or those of David's children.

As he looked at her, so wan and subdued, so young, helpless and desolate, for the moment he relented toward her, and a ray of compassion stole into his chilled heart, one beam of sympathy and pity for her who had for a few years trod the path of life with his loved son, with David who until she crossed his path had never given him a pang of disappointment.

"I will consult with the lawyer again, Amanda, and see what can be done," said he as he arose to go; "in the meantime it would be better that you and your mother make no change in your abode until you hear from me, which will be in a few days. Farewell!"

CHAPTER VIII.

A LAWYER'S ADVICE.

If wise thou art, take council of the wise;
Mayhap his views from thine divergent run,
But shouldst thou use his wisdom, time may prove
Two heads have been more use to thee than one.

One morning, a short time after Archibald Levering's visit to his son's widow, his old-time carriage might have been seen again in town, this time on its way to the office of Lawyer Lauren Dubreil.

Lawyers' offices are not as a rule the most attractive places of resort. Very few persons, with the exception of their occupants, who have a personal interest in each of the few articles their sanctums contain, look upon them with much more favor than upon the waiting-room of a railway station.

Lauren Dubreil's office was, however, a happy exception to the rule, for it was really as comfortable and cheerful as most parlors. A bright carpet covered the floor, the sunny windows were gay with plants in bloom, a canary sang in its gilded cage, and the stove was a marvel of brightness.

Mr. Dubreil was a born housekeeper, which did not interfere with him being an able and popular lawyer. He was a bachelor, a bachelor from choice—as he jocosely affirmed, because he had never been able to find a being of the gentler sex who he thought would make a good wife for him—if he were fortunate enough to win her—that another one just as attractive did not come upon the scene and distract his attention.

The little lawyer was busily and fussily superintending the tidying of his office, which operation was of daily occurrence, and for the time being the position of the colored office boy was not to be envied. The daily lighting of the fire, sweeping and dusting were required to be completed before his employer left the precincts of his boarding place, and woe betide him if a speck of dust was visible when that Argus-eyed gentleman appeared upon the scene.

On this particular morning there was a little extra furbishing on hand; the windows from which the plants had been removed for the purpose, were undergoing a thorough polishing. The finishing touches were being put on by Jim, chamois leather in hand, when Mr. Dubreil caught sight of Archibald Levering descending from his vehicle in front of the office door.

His client, in the inevitable suit of blue, placed the lashless whip in the socket, and after tying the hitching strap as securely as though the old horse would run away if he got the chance, he nodded his head with an air of concluding to risk it, and entered.

"Why how do you do, my dear sir; how do you do?" exclaimed the little lawyer with the sprightly effusion he always evinced upon meeting a client; although in this case the client was also an old and valued friend. "Being somewhat early, you have caught me superintending my household affairs. Well, well, the early bird catches the worm. Take a seat my dear sir, take a seat; I shall be at liberty in a moment. Jim! a little more polishing of the left-hand corner of the first pane in the third row of the sash. Thoroughness, my dear sir," turning to Mr. Levering, "thoroughness in every particular has been my maxim through life; nothing like it in my opinion to insure success."

It will be observed that the little man's maxims were not always original, but that small matter did not trouble him a whit.

"Now, Jim, put the plants back in the windows, give Pete his seeds and fresh water, then vamoose with your brooms and buckets; I must to business."

Jim took his departure, and Lawyer Dubreil turned to the mirror, adjusted his faultless necktie, dusted an imaginary speck from his spotless suit of black, then turning to his visitor with an abrupt change from his every-day business manner, said in a sincere and friendly tone, "Well, Archibald, what can I do for you this morning?"

Their conference was uninterrupted and Mr. Levering congratulating himself that he had come early enough to insure this, talked freely and unreservedly to the one lawyer who held his hearty esteem and respect.

"I will attend to it, my dear sir; attend to it immediately," said Mr. Dubreil as his client rose to go at the appearance of other visitors, "promptness and dispatch have been my maxim through life; nothing like it, in my opinion, to insure success;" and excus-

ing himself to the new comers he followed Mr. Levering to the carriage.

"Do not feel anxious, Archibald," said he feelingly, "before I have let the day pass I shall see Mrs. Garrigue and make her acquainted with the proposition."

"As coming from you, Lauren," interposed Mr. Levering. "Let not my name be mentioned in the matter, and in the affair of taking the boy, let the offer appear as coming from my wife."

"All right, Archibald, all right, the best heart in the world, but you always would hide your light under a bushel. Well, well, you shall be gratified; secrecy without creating a mystery has been my maxim through life. Jim!" calling to the office boy who was picking the grass from between the bricks of the pavement at the command of his employer, during leisure moments, "go down to the stables and tell them to send up the very prettiest turnout they have on hand this morning. Tell them to have everything in spick and span order, and to have it at the door in an hour."

Jim went.

"To pay respect to the feelings of the ladies, my

dear sir," turning to Mr. Levering, "has been my maxim through life; nothing flatters them so much as handsome equipages standing before their door; the neighbors see it, you see. It is an innocent little foible which we should strive to humor," then remembering Mr. Levering's turnout he added promptly, "and by we, my dear sir, I mean those whom they employ to wait upon them: their lawyer, their physician, etc.; their servants as it were, ha! ha! Good morning, my dear sir, good morning."

Mr. Levering went directly back home to await the result of his visit with his usual patience, and not even to his wife or his sister Hesba did he communicate his plans, waiting until he should hear from Lawyer Dubreil.

Mrs. Garrigue did not keep the little lawyer waiting that morning, yet it was long enough to give him a chance to look for dust and find none. His office was spotless, but not more so than Mrs. Garrigue's parlor.

"Fine woman, fine woman;" commented he to himself as he heard her descending the stairs, "always respectably dressed; not going slipshod about home and keep callers waiting half a day while she makes a toilet suitable for a grand reception."

If Mrs. Garrigue had any suspicion that their reverse of fortune had anything to do with the call of Mr. Dubreil she made no remark that would lead him to surmise that she thought so, but welcomed him as though his visit was nothing unusual. She was wondering what brought him upon that particular morning, and Mr. Dubreil was thinking how much easier business could be transacted if people could only know other people's thoughts. How easily, for instance, could the proposition be made for which he came, if he only knew in what form it would be most acceptable, if indeed it could be so in any way.

"I passed that fine brown-stone mansion in my drive here this morning, my dear madam," said he at length; "I allude to the one purchased by your late lamented son-in-law, Mr. Levering. The thought arose in my mind what a splendid boarding house it would make, so central yet so retired. I wonder no one ever thought of it before."

Mrs. Garrigue acquiesced and Mr. Dubriel continued his remarks. "A first-class establishment of

that kind is needed in that neighborhood, and would be patronized by the best people. Now suppose, my dear madam, just for example, that a lady of your position and appearance would take that mansion and open a boarding house, what would be the result? Why, my dear madam, it would raise that branch of industry to a fine art, it would indeed. would make manifest the hidden possibilities which have been lying dormant—waiting for a master hand to call them forth. And, furthermore, I have often thought it a pity that competency should be bestowed upon those who have energy and talent, thus depriving them of the incentive for the exercise of their gift to its fullest capacity, and, pardon me, but I cannot help feeling a species of satisfaction when a reverse of fortune gives such gifted ones an opportunity to exercise their talents, thus conferring a favor upon mankind."

The best of it all, the little lawyer believed every word he was saying, which not being characteristic of the fraternity, was all the more commendable; and if he had not been successful in the venture, might have attributed his failure to that cause; but it was not a failure; instead of being offended, as he had

feared, Mrs. Garrigue was deeply interested, although not quite sure what he had in his little wise head.

"Mr. Dubreil, you generally have a motive for your actions, and a reason for your opinions; and I have been endeavoring to discover your object in saying what you have just said. I think you have heard of our reverses, and have come to offer advice; am I right?"

Mr. Dubriel was himself at once.

"It has always been my maxim through life, that nothing is so bad but what it might be worse; I hope you look at the miscalculations, and consequently the reverses, in life in that light, my dear friend."

"What do you advise Amanda and myself to do, Mr. Dubriel?"

"Put this house in my hands for sale, and I will do the best I can to get a good purchaser for it. Your late son-in-law bought the Willoughby mansion so reasonably that I am quite sure that with the assistance of a friend of mine, who has some money to loan, that you and your daughter can hold it. Open it as a boarding house—it is eminently adapted for that—take your daughter and her youngest child with you and let the little Archie go to his grandmother in the country, who wants him."

"But will Mr. Levering agree to having my grandson there?" inquired Mrs. Garrigue, a flush rising to her cheek and a light in her eyes which Lawyer Dubreil, with all his adroitness in reading the human face, could not interpret.

"Oh, I will answer for Archibald; ten chances to one if the boy makes any impression on his sense of vision after a day or so."

"I have heard of grandparents who were intolerant to the noise of their grandchildren," said Mrs. Garrigue, quickly, as though solicitous to account for the emotion which she felt had attracted the notice of Mr. Dubreil.

"Mr. Levering passes most of his time in the mill, and the women folks run the house," continued the lawyer, assuringly. "Miss Hesba would be my bugbear if I were Archibald, Junior. Whew! she would save vinegar by turning cucumbers to pickles on the vines by merely looking at them."

"You make me quite anxious to see her, Mr. Dubreil," said Mrs. Garrigue, smiling at the grimace of the little man.

"I hope you will be able to counteract the acidity, my dear madam, but I cannot say that I am anxious to repeat the experiment," laughed the little lawyer, who was in charming spirits over the favorable reception of Mr. Archibald Levering's proposition.

"But," continued the lady, coming back with a sigh to the question they had been discussing, "supposing we do as you advise; would we not, think you, have difficulty in getting the class of people that we would be willing to have about us? Remember we have no experience whatever."

"Keep a first-rate house, my dear madam, and charge a first-rate price. People expect good accommodations, no matter how little they pay; and generally the grumblers are those who pay the least. I have been boarding the best part of my life and can give you a few little hints from time to time if agreeable to receive them."

"Thank you; we would consider it a great kindness. Perhaps you could go a step further, and if you have no particular interest in your boarding house would take an apartment in the brownstone. It would be a good commencement for us."

The little lawyer rubbed his small white hands gleefully. "Did I not say that you possessed the attributes of a first-rate business woman, if circumstances were favorable to calling them forth? I was hoping that you would seize the opportunity of getting a guest and thought if it did not occur to you that I would mention it. But it did occur to you, and it has always been a maxim of mine that straws show which way the wind blows. Yes, Mrs. Garrigue, you will succeed in making a good home for yourself and Mrs. Levering; of that I feel quite assured."

Mrs. Garrigue smiled, well pleased with the prediction.

"The house where I am now, or at least the people in it," corrected Mr. Dubreil, "are about going farther uptown, which would be too great distance from my office; so I shall be glad, indeed, to take an apartment in the brownstone house, which, by the way, must have a name of its own. I know several other business men there who will have to make a change for the same reason; also, two medical students and a young practising physician are inquir-

ing for a nice boarding place, and I shall certainly mention yours."

"You are so kind," said Mrs. Garrigue, gratefully, "and about the name for our house, I must consult Amanda in regard to the whole affair, but what name for it would you suggest?"

"I should say 'The Garrigue' would be the very best that could be selected."

"Thank you! If it suits Amanda, 'The Garrigue' it shall be."

"Thank you! I shall feel quite proud to have given your new home its name; and now, my dear madam, I must do what Satan has never done with any of us yet—I must leave you. Good morning, my dear madam, good morning!"

The little lawyer bowed himself out, and had scarcely reached his office when Mrs. Garrigue was on the street wending her way to the dwelling of Mrs. Levering.

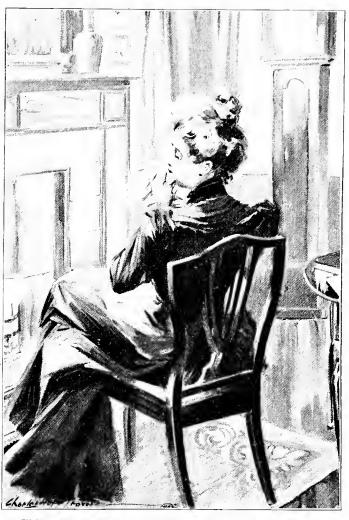
The daughter had not by nature the buoyant, cheerful disposition of the mother, and the proposition following upon her great bereavement was received with even greater reluctance than Mrs. Garrigue had feared. So desponding and tearful was

she that Mrs. Garrigue began to be surprised at herself that she should have looked upon the scheme as anything else than a mortification to their pride, and a consenting to give up their place in the circle in which both she and Mrs. Levering had been ruling spirits.

That Archie should go to his grandfather's was another severe trial to the tender mother, although she knew that he would be affectionately cared for by his grandmother, and would have the benefit of healthy, happy outdoor life as his father had enjoyed before him. From beginning to ending the whole proposition of Lawyer Dubreil was distasteful to her, the more so as she suspected what Mrs. Garrigue did not, that her father-in-law was the prime mover in the whole affair.

One point was gained, however, inasmuch as she did not absolutely refuse to consider it, and Mrs. Garrigue went home quite satisfied that after Mrs. Levering became accustomed to the thought it would not seem so formidable, and they had several days before the time appointed to take possession.

Two days after, Mr. Archibald Levering was again in earnest consultation with Lawyer Dubreil,



"This was the last evening which she was to pass in the home where she and David had been so happy"

and the matter having been decided upon, the ladies having agreed with the proposals in every particular, he went home without troubling himself or Mrs. Amanda by calling there, leaving, as before, all further arrangements in the hands of Lawyer Dubreil.

The brownstone house was in Mrs. Levering's possession, and they were upon the eve of moving in, yet Mrs. Levering, sitting alone by the parlor grate long after the children and Bridget were, as she supposed, wrapped in peaceful slumber, was shedding the bitterest tears she had ever shed in her whole life.

She had exerted herself that day beyond her strength, and much of her depression might have been attributed to that cause, yet her comfortable couch was the last place she wished to seek. She recoiled from the feverish wakefulness and restlestness of the past two nights, and could not summon resolution to encounter a third. This was the last evening which she was to pass in the home where she and David had been so happy, and now, though desolate and forsaken by him who had been its light and mainstay, she clung to it with a passion-

ate longing of regret for the days that would come no more.

The clock on the mantel had tolled eleven, and she had sobbed herself into that brooding quietude which gave token that her thoughts had wandered for a season from her troubles, when the click of the door latch aroused her, and alarmed her also, for Mrs. Levering was by no means a brave woman, and this night above all others she was nervous and timid.

She turned a pair of frightened eyes toward the door, which was slowly yet surely opening as she scanned its full length, with fast-beating heart. The relief was great, indeed, when, instead of the burly form and masked face of the burglar she feared to see, the white-robed figure of little Archie came blinkingly toward her.

"Why, Archie, my dear boy, what is the matter? How did you know I was down here?" said she, slipping her moist handkerchief into her pocket and holding out her hand to him.

"Because I have not been asleep; I could not go to sleep for thinking; let me stay down here with you, mother, do."

Mrs. Levering could not resist this humble appeal;

moreover, she was so miserable herself that it was comforting to have even this frail staff to lean upon, so her remonstrance was feeble.

"But, Archie, we should both be in bed this minute; tomorrow with its sorrows and cares will soon be here; but we will be separated so soon, my precious boy, so come and sit by me a moment and tell me what has kept you from sleep."

Archie came quickly forward and took the footstool at his mother's feet; resting an arm upon her lap he pressed one of the ringlets which had escaped from her comb, to his lips.

"Mother, what kind of a man is my grandfather?"

Mrs. Levering started. By what subtle agency had her son been made cognizant of her musings, and had come at that moment to know the result? She could not for any consideration have given him her real opinion of her father-in-law, yet he had been the subject of her thoughts ever since she had given consent for Archie to live with him.

"I can scarcely tell you, my son," replied she, slowly. "You know I never lived with your grand-father, and it is said that you must winter and sum-

mer with persons before you can be said to know them."

"But how did you like him when you used to go out there? You said you were there when I was a baby; and why have you never gone since I can remember? Say, mother, I never thought of it before?"

"Your grandfather was never quite satisfied with me, Archie; I had always lived in the city, and knew nothing of country work and country customs, and what was worse in his eyes, I did not care to learn; he could not overlook that. He wanted your father to stay on the farm; and even after we were married, wished him to give up his profession and come to the farm to live; but I was not willing to leave my home here and my parents; and your grandfather never invited me there again."

"Did he ever say anything to father about it?"

"Your father never told me that he did; but he could not fail to see that your grandfather was dissatisfied with me."

"I expect he will be dissatisfied with me, too, mother; I have always lived in the city and know nothing of country life and country ways."

"You are but a little boy, Archie; your grandfather will not expect much of you; not as much, I hope, as he did of your father at your age."

"I think I would like to go if you were going, but, oh, mother, it will be so lonely without you; why does grandfather want you to stay here and keep a stingy old boarding house?"

With all her sorrow and anxiety Mrs. Levering could not restrain a smile at the earnestness of her boy; but it was quickly followed by a sigh.

"Your grandfather knows that I must do something to support myself and your little sister, and he thinks that keeping a boarding house is the best thing I can do."

They both remained buried in thought for a time, the silence being at length broken by Archie.

"But, mother, you must have liked him or you would not have named me for him—Archibald!—such an ugly name, too; the boys all make fun of it."

"Your father named you, my dear; it is an old-fashioned name to be sure, but when it is softened to Archie it is really very pretty. He named you that to gratify his father; he was always respectful to him, and I hope you will follow his example."

"I am polite to polite people," replied the boy, sturdily. "Grandfather is not very respectful to me, when he did not even ask for me the day he was here."

"He has not become interested in you, my son, because he has not been with you. Try and do your duty by him in every way, just as you would have done with your father had he lived. It is very kind in him to wish to give you a good home; for you will have one of the best homes there, and see nothing but kindness from them."

"Grandmother has an interest in me and loves me, too; oh, mother, I am so glad she is there; it is the next best to having you."

"Your grandmother is one of the best women that ever lived; how she has ever endured—Archie!" she said, suddenly recollecting that she was speaking of her dead husband's father, "we must really go to bed or morning will be here and your grandfather with it, before we are aware of it."

Archie arose and proceeded as far as the door, followed by Mrs. Levering, when another question occurred to him,

"Do you think, mother, that he will let me go fishing in his creek, or gather nuts in his woods?"

"I have heard your father say that your grand-father was very strict with him when he was a boy, and kept him steadily at work upon the farm, with very little time for amusement. But I have also heard him say that his father told him in later years that he regretted having made the farm so irksome to him in his youth that he was not willing to remain upon it when he grew to manhood. So I think you will find it very different. And now, dear son," she continued, "mother will kiss you good night for the second time this evening. Good night, my precious boy, sleep well."

She kissed him several times, murmured a loving prayer over him, then sought her own couch and wept until dawn.

CHAPTER IX.

MOTHER URSULA.

Let those who on these pages look,
This chapter read with care;
For though a plain and simple book,
A mystery lies here.

Mother Ursula and Madame Angela had indeed found a lovely and secluded home in the small hiproof cottage—so common in Maryland at that day—belonging to the estate known as "Ogilvie's Pride." They lived there as contentedly as was possible for persons whose change of circumstances in life had been so marked, sudden, and decisive. They had learned to love the place which had seemed waiting for them to come, and had given them shelter after leaving the Miriam, and while Granny Edmonds, Timothy and Christine had experienced changes, their lives had been uneventful.

For several years after taking possession of the cottage, owner and tenants never met, for with the

exception of his morning ride over the plantation, and occasional drive to the Dorton postoffice in the evening, Colonel Ogilvie seldom left his dwelling.

Winter and summer, mounted upon his spirited black horse, Aladdin, and attended by a colored boy to open gates, he took his daily constitutional, but he always stayed clear of the cottage, and they as sedulously avoided him, so all parties were suited.

Mother Ursula left her home upon no pretext whatever. Those few persons who having seen her had learned to love her, notwithstanding her coldness of manner, must, if they wished to have her society, seek her; she never sought them. There was a searching glance of her brilliant black eyes upon those whom she saw for the first time; for neighbors came, attracted first by curiosity, then by genuine appreciation, though having no encouragement to come.

After the embarrassment of seeing a new face passed away, Mother Ursula proved herself a charming companion. With children she was always natural and self-possessed; their society tranquilized her, and although she never caressed them, they felt her to be a friend.

Although she was never obtrusive, her influence was felt in the neighborhood; such a stay and counselor did those find in her who sought her for advice and help. Her powerful intellect stimulated the struggling ones to higher exertions; her words of encouragement aroused flagging energies; her praise, not lavishly bestowed, warmed, strengthened and cheered. Her advice was sought upon knotty points of discussion, her peace-making qualities solicited to allay disturbances. Standing aloof from active communication with her neighbors, she was upon neutral ground; consequently, unbiased by party faction, her opinion was unprejudiced, her judgment just and equitable. A dispute or misunderstanding disappeared like frost under her eagle gaze, her subtle mind grasped a hidden meaning and dragged it forth to the light. Double-dealing could not escape her penetration, nor deception fail of winning the contempt it merited. Yet, while scorning the offense, the offender was dealt with so kindly, so much allowance was made for the faults of education or the circumstances, that she made but few, if any, enemies among those who came to her with a grievance, and received reproof.

With Madame Angela, life was somewhat different. For miles around she was known for her kindness to the sick and afflicted, who considered her small hand endowed with power of healing possessed by no other. No day too stormy, no night too dark to keep her from the bedside of the suffering who solicited her gentle ministrations; no presence more welcome, no prayer more comforting than those offered for the dying, no sympathy more consoling to those left to mourn.

Thus the years had passed tranquilly away, years which were placing silver threads among the golden tresses of Madame Angela, but years fraught with the blessings which contentment brought to them. The curiosity which their sudden appearance, their rigid silence in regard to their former life, and the singular appearance of Mother Ursula had excited had long ago given place to loving esteem for their endearing qualities.

When, after Mrs. Willoughby's death, little Mary Ogilvie came to live at "Ogilvie's Pride," it excited no comment in the little gray cottage. From their home Mother Ursula and Madame Angela could see the agile form of the girl; but hearing that her name

was Mary Ogilvie they took it for granted that she was the daughter of one of Colonel Ogilvie's sons, therefore never for a moment imagined that Mary Ogilvie and Christine were one and the same; particularly as they had never known that Mrs. Willoughby was the daughter of the owner of "Ogilvie's Pride."

She had changed much in appearance since a little golden-haired darling she had slept in Madame Angela's arms during the voyage across the sea, and for the same reason they had failed to recognize in Timothy who frequently passed their cottage the distinguished looking and handsomely dressed boy who had been the mystery of all on shipboard.

Mary had been at "Ogilvie's Pride" several months when the anniversary of the birthday of Madame Angela came around, and as was the custom with the occupants of the cottage the little girls of Dorton and the neighborhood were invited to help celebrate it, Mary Ogilvie among the number.

All the afternoon they had gamboled over the grassy paths, woven garlands in the summer-house, shaded and fragrant with woodbine and honeysuckle,

and had enjoyed the games of merry, happy child-hood.

A savory odor of foreign cookery came from the vine-covered door of the kitchen, joyously commented upon by the little ones as a forerunner of coming delicacies.

At the same moment one of the flower-crowned sylphs ran from the cottage, crying gleefully, "Oh, girls, Madame Angela says we may set the table for tea in the summer-house, where she and Mother Ursula have theirs every fine evening. And we are to have out the beautiful tea things, the dear little silver tea and coffee pots, and if Mother Ursula is willing, we are to carry out her writing table, for the one already there is too small for so many; let us go and ask her."

Catching the enthusiasm they all made a rush for the summer-house to proffer their request.

At first sight one would almost wonder that they could be so familiar with Mother Ursula to ask a favor of any kind, so stately and commanding the presence, so reserved and even haughty the demeanor, so foreign and *outre* the whole appearance.

She was seated in an armchair, her rather large but white and beautifully molded hands lying idly in her lap, her gaze fixed absently on the gables and peaks of "Ogilvie's Pride," glistening in the beams of the setting sun, seemingly oblivious of all the beauty which surrounded her.

Her thoughts seemed to be far distant from the drowsy hum of innumerable bees in the clover nearby, the soft affectionate lowing of the milk-white cow on the other side of the enclosure, and the vesper song of the birds in the snowball and lilac bushes which laid their white and purple blooms against the end of the cottage.

When the patter of youthful feet and sound of glad voices reached her, the brow relaxed, the wandering thoughts were recalled, and one of her rare smiles illumined the noble countenance.

"Yes, my darlings, the cottage and all that belongs to it is at your service," was just the answer they seemed to expect. They set to work with eager hands to remove the books and writing materials from the large table, preparatory to placing it in the summer house.

"Dear Mother Ursula, you won't mind if we set your chair out, will you? Then you can read if you wish, and we will not be in your way," said Mary Ogilvie.

"I will not be in yours, you mean, you cunning elves; how much reading do you suppose I could finish while you are chattering like magpies? No, I will place my chair and myself under this willow outside, and will give you some music."

"Ah, that will be splendid! And you will excuse us if we talk sometimes while you are playing?" questioned another piping voice.

"I will excuse everything today, my pets," replied Mother Ursula as she drew the bow across the strings of a mellow-toned violin with a practised hand. One capable of judging would be impressed by the fact that the instrument was of great age and value, and Mother Ursula an accomplished musician. To one unacquainted with her it would appear strange that she should prefer the violin to any other instrument; but to the children it was perfectly consistent; it was their greatest pleasure, their most cherished reward, for it almost seemed to possess articulation under the influence of her master hand,

The music, like herself, was foreign to the core. No airs that were familiar to her listeners save as they had learned to love them as they flowed from the instrument, but wild, martial music; now in thrilling tones proclaiming heroic deeds on distant battlefields, now in silvery cadences breathing the memory of those deeds from a gondola beneath some fair lady's lattice.

The large solitaire diamond upon her right hand blazed in the flickering light that shimmered through the foliage, the flowers seemed drinking in the melody as they nodded upon the slender stems, and Madame Angela, coming for a moment to the door of the cottage, rewarded the musician with an appreciative and meaning smile.

A casual observer might have been excused for wishing the costume of Mother Ursula less quaint and eccentric, more modern in design and finish; yet if requested to suggest anything better adapted to her style and appearance, would probably have acknowledged himself puzzled and at fault. Unique as it certainly was, it seemed better suited to her than any other feminine habiliments in vogue; suited the quiet dignity of her movements, the pure olive

tint of her complexion, the brilliant blackness of her splendid eyes, the silver threads in her nightblack hair. One might also have wished for a tint of rose in the colorless cheek, a less grave expression about the pensive mouth, a little unbending of the proud carriage, but as she was, her face was one not easily forgotten, a face wherein intellect so predominated over mere physical beauty, that one instinctively felt that any change would not be for the better. But it was when she spoke that the subtle and intangible power which her presence exercised over others was most deeply felt. Her low full-toned voice haunted one like the refrain of some half-forgotten melody, sweet and mournful, yet vague and undefined.

Her glossy and abundant hair was combed low upon the temples and put plainly back of the ears, where it was lost in the gloom of a black silk mobcap, of such proportions that, not content with hiding the head, it encroached upon the face.

No one suspected the costume to be a disguise, but took it for granted that it was an eccentricity of its wearer that caused the tabs of this cap to wander aimlessly, as it appeared, over cheek and chin, and after descending low upon the throat become concealed in the folds of a white silk shawl of beauty and richness, which was crossed upon the ample breast. Over this cap was worn a white one of delicate texture, known as *leise*, of which the black served as a lining.

The gown of heavy black silk, guiltless of fold or flounce, was ample in fullness and rich in quality, and fashioned as simply as the robe of a nun, while over it was worn a white linen apron, which left nothing to be desired in length or breadth, with the newly-ironed creases making a checkerboard of its polished surface.

She seemed absorbed in her music until Madame Angela appeared with smiling face to add the finishing touches to the neatly spread board, when she carefully and tenderly replaced her violin in its case, and as the flutter consequent upon selecting seats subsided with the childish guests, she extended her hands over the table, and in low and reverent tones asked a blessing.

Although an epicure might have been dissatisfied with the simplicity of the meal, to the congenial spirits gathered about the board it was in every sense complete. The children were charmed with the for-

eign dishes, so simple in their elements, so elaborate in their construction upon which Madame Angela, with inherent art of pleasing children, had exercised her most cunning skill. Besides these foreign dishes, the delicate rolls, fragrant coffee, butter with the faint aroma of clover lingering in its creamy richness, honey, and delicious strawberries, formed a happy combination of the delicate and substantial; while the running brook back of the summer house kept up its tinkling symphony as an accompaniment to the mirth and good cheer.

When the cheerful repast was finished and they had one more romp in the fragrant garden, the evening shadows warned them that it was time to depart. They clustered about Mother Ursula, who bade them a friendly adieu, but it was upon Madame Angela who accompanied them to the gate, that they lavished caresses they never thought of bestowing upon Mother Ursula, dearly as they loved her.

After they departed, their pockets filled with confections made by Madame Angela, she cleared away the remains of the feast, while Mother Ursula, with her innate love for outdoor life, took her evening

walk among her vines and roses, pruning-knife in hand.

The culture of fruit and flowers was her recreation and delight, and her garden and lawn were the handsomest in the neighborhood.

No bride for miles around considered her toilet complete without a bouquet of orange flowers from Mother Ursula's bounty; no pale occupant for the narrow house was borne thither without a floral tribute from the same kind hand.

When all was completed they lingered in the summer-house, as was their wont, enjoying the calm beauty of the beautiful summer night. Although faint hues of rose and amber tinted the western sky, mellow moonlight flooded the earth, marbling the dim cottage into a fairy palace, silvering tree and shrub and glorifying the faces of the occupants of the summer-house.

"Years ago," remarked Mother Ursula, breaking the silence born of the solemn beauty of the scene, "I did not think, in my blind despair at the turn our affairs had taken, that the time would ever come when I could truly say that I was content with all that life seemed to offer. But at last I cease to long

for the stir and activity of the outer world, am every day more grateful for the repose of this retreat, and content if my Master so wills it, to never leave it until called to come up higher."

"And why should we not be content?" replied Madame Angela. "Life is short; the end will soon come. What matters it, after all, where it is spent, if we are but fulfilling our Master's will. If it was our destiny to be removed from the pleasures of the world, we were also removed from its temptations and dangers. Then, again, all is changed since we left our sunny clime. The friends of former years would not be there to welcome us should we return. We would be strangers to all we used to love. Other hopes and interests have filled the places we once occupied, and the dear friends here who have taken us upon trust, give evidence that happiness can be found anywhere if we rightly seek it."

"Always my comforter; my patient Angela. When in times that are past, I witnessed your sweet submission, your cheerfulness under trials, your unwearied endeavors to perform menial duties of which your whole previous life had no knowledge, when I saw you, who formed so bright an ornament to the

circles you were by birth and education so fitted to adorn, apparently happy in this isolated place, which to me was more dreary than a cloister—God forgive me! instead of being lost in wonder and admiration, I inwardly found fault for the want of pride that allowed you to submit so humbly."

"But you were patient also; you were silent under the anguish and suspense; you never rebelled."

"Not in words, my Angela; but when I look back upon the years which have passed, I cannot but wonder at the forbearance and long-suffering of my Maker, His endurance of my fretful mournings, my bitter and sinful repinings, my wicked, sullen rebellion; I wonder at His tenderness in bearing with my pride, and His mercy in at last granting me peace and submission."

"Submission, then peace," corrected Madame Angela, gently; "There can be no peace without submission."

"True, my Angela; as though He who had seen fit to place me in the high position I occupied had not the right to remove me in His own good time and manner. I have, until the last few years since coming here, refused to acknowledge the many mercies which thronged my daily path, and crowned my life. My pure conscience, my untarnished reputation, my escape from the certain death which had awaited me, my security in this secluded spot, my perfect health, your sweet companionship, all weighed as nothing against the wealth and influence which were mine, but were mine no longer. In my bitter humiliation I never imagined that when the necessities which enforced this seclusion had passed into oblivion, they would take with them all desire to mingle again with the world."

"Yes, His dealings with us have been those of a loving Father. He has allowed us to want for no needful thing; and best of all has left us each other."

They relapsed into silence again, broken at length by Madame Angela.

"Does not Mary Ogilvie remind you of someone you have seen? The impression has been deepening ever since I have known the child, and tonight when she threw her arms about my neck and embraced me, she reminded me forcibly of some dear one, and yet I cannot think who it is."

"Is it not Christine?" questioned Mother Ursula, softly.

"Oh, yes; why did I not think of her? Now I know why it is that I felt so drawn toward Mary; her eyes are much in expression like those of little Christine; dear, dear little Christine; I wonder where she is tonight!"

There was no time for a reply, nor was the subject again thought of for many months; for at that moment they heard the sound of horses hoofs upon the hard, smooth ground, coming at a violent pace.

"That is Colonel Ogilvie's Aladdin," said Mother Ursula, rising from her chair quickly; "he is running away."

They both hastened to the gate which led to the main road, and in the bright moonlight saw the frightened animal coming from the direction of Dorton. The carriage was almost a wreck, but within sat the Colonel, vainly striving to reach the lines, which had been dragged from his grasp.

It was but the work of a moment for Mother Ursula to step into the road and catch the rein, as the excited animal, having kicked himself loose from the carriage, attempted to pass. A few soft words and pats quieted him, and he allowed himself to be tied to a post; then Mother Ursula and Madame Angela

hurried to the carriage, where lay the Colonel, insensible, his limb broken by the horse's hoof.

After a few words in consultation, Madame Angela hastily returned to the cottage to light a lamp and prepare a resting-place for the wounded man, who was borne to it in the arms of Mother Ursula as easily and tenderly as though he were an infant, and the simple resources of the cottage called into service to restore him to consciousness.

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CHAPTER X.

A DAUGHTER'S RETURN.

The day that Mrs. Garrigue and Mrs. Levering took possession of the brownstone dwelling, preparations for some pleasant event were progressing in a quiet way in the farmhouse of Archibald Levering.

A tea-table, with covers for five persons, in the center of which was a vase of flowers and close by it one of Aunt Hesba's delicious pound cakes, a pair of fine chickens roasting in the oven, and a roaring fire on the hearth in the seldom used parlor, gave hint and token that company was expected to tea.

That company was Caroline, only daughter of the house, returning from a four years' sojourn in the family of her mother's brother, Dr. Harkness, of St. Louis, and Archie, son of her only brother David, for whom her father had gone to the city, and whose 178

arrival, as was Caroline's, might be looked for at any moment.

"She's come!" said Aunt Hesba, as the sound of wheels stopping at the gate, followed by the thud of a trunk on the porch, reached her ear, and mother and aunt hastened to greet the young girl.

Caroline had improved wonderfully in the four years of her absence from home. Always pretty, she had developed into a distinguished looking and beautiful young lady. Tall for her age when she left home, awkward in her movements, and brusque in manner, she had returned graceful and ladylike in appearance, and when she chose, with the manners of the most refined of the society in which she had moved; that circle being the best in St. Louis.

She had been notified of her brother David's illness and death; the mother's heart yearned for her daughter, so Mercy had written for her to come home, and home she came.

After the greetings were over, and a few details of her home at her uncle's given, Caroline stationed herself by a window which commanded a view of the lane, with its row of weeping willows on either side, to watch for the carriage containing her father and

Knowing this, one would suppose that a smile of joyful recognition would illumine her lovely, regular features, and brighten her clear hazel eyes, when those for whom she had been watching came in sight. Anyone indulging this amiable supposition would only have to glance at the fair rosebud face, to have that amiable supposition cast to the winds.

"There comes father with those abominable old blue clothes that he has worn ever since I can remember. Mother, why do you let him make such a scarecrow of himself when he is able to have another suit?"

Mrs. Levering looked up in surprise.

"Why, Caroline, I think they look very well; there is not a thin place in them. You would not want to see your father dressed like a young man, would you?"

"Certainly not; but you never see anybody dressed like father, even at his age. No one about here dresses as he does, do they? And then that carriage! What would the St. Louis people think of it? I wonder the street boys don't shout after it

when it goes into town; I would not be seen in it for any money."

"It has been a faithful, good carriage, Caroline; no such work is made in these days, I have heard your father say."

"No, I should hope not; it would be a pity, in deed."

"What ails it, Caroline?"

"Oh, mother, how can you ask?" replied her daughter, half crying. "It appears to me that everything looks forlorn; I would not have believed it possible that things could have run down so in four years."

"A look of pain came into Mrs. Levering's patient face.

"Why, Caroline, I thought you would be glad to get back after being away so long. I am sure I thought you would want to hear of poor David and of many things. What is it that has run down?"

"Oh, the house and furniture and everything. No paper on the walls, no paint on the woodwork, nothing but rag carpets on the floors. You ought to see uncle's house in St. Louis; elegant carpets and mirrors, and curtains and piano and pictures and books;

and every place we visited was just like it. Oh I should be terribly mortified if anybody should visit me from there."

"Why, you don't suppose that aryone would come away here just to see you, do you, Caroline?" questioned Mrs. Levering, without a suspicion that her inquiry was not particularly complimentary.

Caroline was saved the embarrassment of framing a reply to suit the exigency, for at that moment the door opened and her father and Archie came in.

At heart Archibald Levering was glad to see his daughter. As little as he would have chosen to be in her society had she been at home, it is doubtful if any member of the household circle had missed her more than he, or felt the disappointment he felt in knowing that she preferred her uncle's house to his; but with his habit of concealing his feelings no one was aware of it. Even now his cold, sad eyes never lighted, nor did his stern lips relax into a smile as he came forward to greet her in a constrained manner as though wishing it were over and done with.

Caroline on her part put her dainty hand in that of her father with scarcely more warmth than though he were a stranger, then turned to greet Archie.

"They did not kiss each other," thought Archie, full of wonder, "and he is her father!"

The boy's surprise would have been great, indeed, had he known that to kiss his children was something that Archibald Levering had never done in his life; therefore Caroline grew up without expecting it, and would have been more surprised at this mark of paternal affection than Archie was at the omission.

Caroline's cheek flushed warmly at sight of her nephew. One glance satisfied her cultivated eye that her sister-in-law understood the art of dressing children tastefully. Here at least was a little bit of the world of society she had left so unwillingly, and for which she was grieving before she had spent one night under the homestead roof. She felt companionship with the boy, and truth to say he looked as out of place in the low-joisted dining-room of the farmhouse as did Caroline.

Archie was quite sure that he never tasted such bread and butter in his life as that upon his grandfather's table, and full justice he did to it after his unaccustomed fast, and drive in the pure sweet air. Neither did he slight the fragrant coffee, the honey, the tender ham, the juicy poultry, nor anything else that graced the board, which never at any time showed deficiency in quantity or quality. He longed to ask if the flour of which the splendid bread was made was ground in his grandfather's mill, but as the supper was partaken of in almost absolute silence, which he had not courage to break, the question remained unasked. Mr. Levering had questioned Caroline in regard to the welfare of her uncle's family; she had replied, and there appeared nothing more to be said.

As soon as the meal was finished, Mr. Levering donned his coat, which he had removed before sitting down to supper, and went to the mill. Hesba took two glittering tin buckets from the picket fence which enclosed the garden, and went to the barn to milk, Archie having seen the sleek, gentle-looking cows come slowly up the lane cropping the tender grass on either side on the way to their resting-place for the night.

Caroline took her place again by the window and looked disconsolately out, while Archie took a seat in the patchwork-cushioned rocking chair by the open fire which blazed and crackled up the wide-throated chimney, casting grotesque shadows on the

bare whitewashed walls which but for it would have been darkened by the early twilight of the short autumn day. Twinges of homesickness began to visit the boy. He missed the baby and the merry romps with his little companion by the light of the nursery fire; and oh, most of all, he missed his mother.

Mrs. Levering, who was quietly putting aside the remains of the meal, noticed the sadness creeping over him and the tears which filled his eyes.

"Would you like to go out, dear, and see Aunt Hesba and the cows?" questioned she, going to him and patting him lovingly upon the shoulder; "just go to the bars, and be careful not to frighten the cows or Aunt Hesba will not like it."

Archie arose immediately and putting on his cap left the room. The moment he was outside he heard the deep rumbling of the mill, which added to the dreariness of the moment.

When in after years the hum and whir of that machinery—his machinery—was the sweetest music to his ear, he often contrasted his feelings with those of his first evening in the country.

Tears blinded his eyes as he trudged along down the lane that led to the barn. All about and around him seemed so quiet and sad. He missed the hurry and bustle of city streets as viewed from the windows of his home; the lamp-lighter upon his rounds, the shouts of the newsboys, the merry tinkle of the milkmen's bells, all the sounds peculiar to the city.

He felt that he could not remain; he must go back to be with his mother; he would tell his grandfather in the morning that he really must be taken home; he could not and would not stay.

He reached the barn during these meditations, and walked almost around it, but found no cows; when in turning a corner of it he came to an enclosure under the south side; there they were sleepily chewing their cuds, Aunt Hesba on her milking stool in their midst.

Nothing was further from Archie's intention than to frighten anything. He purposed leaning upon the only bar that was up, and watch Aunt Hesba as she rapidly added to the foaming pail; when crash! down came the bar and Archie on top of it, which caused a stampede among the cattle, during which Hesba, the milk and the milking stool were overthrown.

"Just as I expected!" she exclaimed, angrily, as she picked herself up; "what possessed you to come sneaking down here and then make such a noise as that?"

"I did not intend to make a noise, Aunt Hesba," said Archie, too frightened to cry, "I just leaned on the stick and it came down, and I hurt myself, too."

"Stick! what stick?" said Hesba, sharply, and looking about her; "that is what people of sense call a bar," and picking up her empty buckets she turned her back upon the poor boy, and went to the house.

Archie soon followed, his tears flowing without restraint, and heard the history of his misdeeds recounted in no flattering terms. His grandmother made no remark, but soothed and petted him, bathed his bruised elbows and knees with camphor, and soon his troubles were forgotten in the sweet, deep sleep of childhood, his flushed cheek resting upon his grandmother's breast.

Few persons, judging by the glimpse they have had of Caroline Levering's nature, would suppose that she had been for the past two years a Sabbathschool teacher, and a member of a church choir; yet such was the case, and to all appearances both duties had been performed satisfactorily to every body concerned.

Her uncle, Dr. Harkness, and his family, were active church members, but they were also gay and fashionable people; therefore brilliant parties and church fairs, fancy balls and donation parties, prayer meetings and evenings at the theater, followed one another with delightful celerity, each in turn receiving full share of attention with exemplary impartiality.

Dr. Harkness was Mercy Levering's only brother, as was Mercy his only sister, and as he had spent the small legacy left him by an uncle in obtaining his medical education, he concluded that the wisest thing he could do was to marry money, so laid his plans accordingly. He met at a watering-place a young lady of St. Louis, who, besides being sensible and amiable, was an heiress. He married her, and established himself in her native city. Having but one daughter, they were more than pleased to have a bright, pretty girl like Caroline to be company for her in her studies, and afterward enter society with her. With this in view Dr. Harkness had paid a visit to his sister and had, without difficulty, ob-

tained her consent to allow Caroline to accompany him upon his return to St. Louis.

The time had flown like a happy dream, and now she was at home. She felt the change intensely, was lonely and miserable, having nothing to fill the hours, which seemed without end.

Had there been any sincere desire in her heart to do good she could have found a field of usefulness not to be despised in her home and the neighborhood. She could have been an educator for Archie, a comfort to the lonely mother, grieving for the death of her only son, and pining for her daughter's society; a cheerful companion for the sour-visaged and at times irritable but good and faithful Aunt Hesba, and for the reticent but kind-hearted father.

With the knowledge gained of Sunday-schools in St. Louis, she could have organized one in the little church at Dorton, a mile across lots from her father's house, and persuaded the youth of the neighborhood to attend, who for lack of something of the kind, spent their Sundays in fishing in the creek and boating upon the dam in summer, gathering nuts in autumn, and skating in winter. Aunt Hesba would have been her faithful coadjutor in all good

works, for to the best of her ability she strove to make the world the better for her living in it. No weather was too hot or cold to keep her from the services of the church of her denomination in Dorton, when they were fortunate enough to secure a preacher, and her humble purse was always open when contributions for any object were solicited. She could not have been a leader in any undertaking for the good of the neighborhood, but would have been an untiring and energetic helper, had her niece but led the way.

But Caroline was young and undisciplined, and there was no friend at hand to whose advice she would have listened for a moment, who could point out the uncongenial path of duty, which natural affection and a sincere desire to do right might in time have made pleasant; so she fretted and beat against the bars of what she looked upon as her prison house, like any other caged bird.

To her the long evenings were almost torture. She was sick at heart from seeing her father with coat off and lamp to himself, reading. The click of her mother's and aunt's knitting needles rasped her sensitive nerves, and Archie, who had become

reconciled to his new abode, had lost all interest to her. She was weary from reading light novels through the day, and took no interest in the employments of the farmhouse, which apparently satisfied her mother and aunt. She longed for some excitement; something to break the terrible monotony of the after-supper hours; she grieved for her uncle's home, with its light, its music, its gay young society, and wished every hour of the day that she had paid no attention to her mother's request to come home.

Her parents appeared oblivious to all this disquietude, but Aunt Hesba found herself losing patience.

"If you would do more, Caroline, you would be better contented," said she, sharply, one morning; "the girls of Dorton and the neighborhood are always cheerful because they have plenty to do, and are willing to do it. Why don't you return their calls; they have been as friendly as possible, and would be more so if you would let them.

"What society are they for me," returned her niece, pettishly; "all they can talk of is the quantity of butter they make and the achievements of their hens. Oh, how I hate it all!"

"But you are here, and should make the best of it. I feel sorry for your mother. She thought you would be company for us all. Ah, well, I suppose we must take you as we find you," and Hesba left the room to attend to some household duty, and Caroline continued to look from the window, listless and miserable.

CHAPTER XI.

A TRIAL FOR TIMOTHY.

Colonel Ogilvie's injuries proved to be more than a broken limb; his nervous system had sustained a severe shock, which resulted in a fever in which he was sometimes delirious and at others in a deep slumber.

His physician forbade his removal from the cottage in his precarious condition, and Mother Ursula and Madame Angela felt it no hardship to have him remain. Both were intelligent and capable caretakers of the sick and attended upon his wants as faithfully as though he were a son or brother, and he was grateful, indeed, for their goodness.

It was several weeks before the physician gave consent for his removal to "Ogilvie's Pride," but at length the day came, and the large family carriage, well supplied with cushions and pillows, took the invalid to his home, the change being made without proving of material detriment to him.

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In the meantime life at the cottage had returned to its normal condition, and the two occupants had a new interest in their lives in conversing of Colonel Ogilvie whom they had learned to esteem for his genuine goodness, his simple manly dignity of character, and his conscientious wish to benefit his fellowmen.

One lovely autumn evening they were sitting in the summer-house, watching the full moon which, in solemn splendor, was mounting the azure vault above them, and glorifying every blade of grass and fragrant flower, when a carriage came rapidly up the broad and level road and stopped at the gate.

The night was so bright they had no difficulty in recognizing the equipage. The handsome, highmettled horses, the glittering, silver-mounted harness, the colored coachman and footman were owned by Colonel Ogilvie, but what could be the errand at that time? They were not left long in doubt.

The old coachman, who had remained at the cottage during Colonel Ogilvie's illness, was the bearer of a message from "Ogilvie's Pride." The Colonel had been attacked with sudden illness, his life was

in danger, and he wished to see Madame Angela on some business matters. Would she go?

Surely she would. When did Madame Angela turn a deaf ear to the call of sorrow or pain? Feeling as in a dream she allowed herself to be helped into the carriage and was driven rapidly away.

It was well the drive was short, for she was fast becoming incapable of sustaining her strength, for she dreaded what she was quite sure Colonel Ogilvie wished to say to her.

For the past few years prior to the accident to Colonel Ogilvie, he and the occupants of the cottage had become friends, although they met but seldom. But Colonel Ogilvie heard much from his poorer neighbors and tenants of the goodness of Madame Angela, confirmed by his long illness at the cottage, and a few weeks after returning to "Ogilvie's Pride," he had asked her to become his wife.

It was dreary for little Mary in the great house with no one but the housekeeper and the colored servants, and he used that as his most persuasive argument to induce Madame Angela to be a mother to the motherless girl.

Many times had she and Mother Ursula discussed the subject—generally in a jesting way—but that evening, when Mother Ursula helped her into the carriage, she said a few words in Italian, understood by Madame Angela alone.

"Tell him all, my Angela; it is due to him from us, and I give free and full consent."

Madame Angela was white and haggard and trembling when she alighted at the door, where she was received by the housekeeper, who being herself much disturbed by the sudden peril of the Colonel, failed to notice the nervous condition of the visitor as she conducted her through the brilliantly lighted hall and up the soft-carpeted stairway to the door of the sick room.

Although at death's door Colonel Ogilvie's mind was clear, and he suffered but little pain. He noticed in Madame Angela what the housekeeper had failed to see. Her ghastly, sorrow-stricken looks could only be caused by grief for his approaching dissolution. She could not be so deeply moved unless she loved him, and hope sprang up in his breast, not for himself, for earthly love could avail him

nothing now, out for little Mary whom he loved almost as a daughter.

"I knew you would come," he said extending his hand as she sank, weak and trembling, into a chair by his bedside. "Something tells me that you would not deny to the dying what you have refused me while in health. I have much to say, and my physician tells me that my time is short. My will is made; in it I have appointed Mother Ursula and yourself as guardians of Mary, who will be wealthy when she comes of age; wealth inherited from her adopted mother. Will you accept the trust, and be as a watcher, caretaker and mother for Mary?"

"I will."

"And Mother Ursula?" inquired the Colonel, anxiously.

"Will accept also."

"Merciful Father, I thank Thee," said the sick man. "Now I am happy; now I can die in peace. All that remains for me is to give some instructions in regard to my affairs. I have sent to the city for my son Richard, and am expecting him as soon as it is possible for him to arrive. I wish to make him acquainted with my wishes in regard to 'Ogilvie's

Pride.' I have always intended it as the inheritance of my eldest son, Mark Ogilvie, but he is absent, and for years I have been hopeless of his return. But I wish the place held in trust for him during the period of ten years; if at the end of that time he is not here to take possession, 'Ogilvie's Pride' will revert to Richard, and after him to his daughter Isabel.

"During that ten years I would like Mother Ursula and yourself to take possession, and have your home with Mary. My attorney, Lawyer Dubreil, will see that a trusty overseer is provided, and you would have no trouble with outside matters, for it is my wish and hope that your life should not be disturbed by my death. It remains for you, Angela, to say whether 'Ogilvie's Pride' may not be a lifetime home for you," continued he, taking her hand and gazing into her colorless face.

"In what way?" questioned Madame Angela, faintly, a tint of rose coming into her cheek.

"Become my wife even now; let me send for a chaplain this hour, then my dying moments will be blessed by the presence of my wife."

"I cannot—oh, I cannot," said the lady, growing paler than before, and rising from the bedside she glided to the door, and opening it quietly, glanced down the long hallway. It was silent and tenantless, and coming back she resumed her seat.

"Colonel Ogilvie," she said, "when we came to this neighborhood, you, of course, had been here many years; it is your native place, and every one is known to you. Did no rumors reach you in regard to our former life?"

"I heard suppositions occasionally, but nothing derogatory; all spoke in loving praise of your goodness in times of sickness and trouble. It was these words of appreciation from those who knew you that first attracted me to you, and when I learned to know Mother Ursula and yourself it never occurred to me to question your former life."

Madame Angela became more tranquil; the troubled look passed from her eyes, and she proceeded more firmly, but in a low voice.

"Then I hope it will not be too much of a surprise or shock when I tell you that I am not a widow, as you have supposed, but a wedded wife."

"And your husband?"

"Is the lover of my youth; loving and beloved."

A silence reigned in the sick room after these words were spoken. Madame Angela sank back in the depths of the large chair and gazed anxiously upon the dying man.

She would not have recalled her words if she could; it was no more than his confidence in her merited. She could not let him die without telling him that she was not what her manner of dress and opinion of the neighborhood had led him to suppose. She agreed with Mother Ursula that it would be deceiving him not to confide so important a matter to him; it might change his plans in regard to the guardianship and care of Mary, but she would do the right, let the result be as it might.

When the communication first reached Colonel Ogilvie, a look of mute surprise alone marked his features; but as she furtively watched him, she saw that look had given place to one of grave perplexity. His thoughts were rapidly traveling the by-paths of the years which had intervened since he had taken knowledge of them. His fixed eye, and corrugated brow showed that his sagacious and penetrating mind was unraveling the thread of a fabric of which

the clue had been put into his almost nerveless hand. Then his eye lighted, his breath came quickly, and reaching out his hand he grasped that of Madame Angela.

"I see it all now. God bless you both and bring you home to heaven."

In a few words Madame Anglea told him all he desired to know, but would not ask, of her former life, of her husband, of the dangers which had beset Mother Ursula, but from which their adopted country had offered a safe asylum.

"This does not change my plans," said he when she concluded, "I have but a few more directions to give, but before you leave me I wish to entrust to your care a box containing some treasures for Mary."

Obeying a motion of his hand, Madame Angela brought a rosewood box, resembling a writing desk, and rested it upon a chair by the bedside.

He selected a key from those she handed him, and requested her to unlock it. She complied, and raising a sheet of satin paper, a little blue merino dress met her view, then a dainty white ruffled apron, and a pair of small worn shoes, hardened by time, but

which caused a thrill to pass over Madame Angela, almost depriving her of consciousness, and lastly a ring, the very one that she had clasped in the hand of Christine the day they landed from the Miriam.

"Colonel Ogilvie, how came you by these things?" she exclaimed, her eyes darkening and her lips color-less from emotion.

"They are little Mary's. When my daughter, Mrs. Willoughby, died, she entrusted them to me. She was Mary's adopted mother. The ring was given to Mary by a lady who took charge of her when she crossed the ocean. Why do they thus affect you?"

"That ring was mine. I clasped it in the hand of a child named Christine, who slept in my arms. Dear little Christine; did she never return to her home? I suppose she had left America long ago?"

"No, she was an orphan, and my daughter adopted her, and loved her as her own. It was she who gave her the name of Mary Ogilvie and dropped the name of Christine."

"And Mary has lived within sight of my cottage for months and I have not known it was my darling Christine." "And now," said Colonel Ogilvie, "you will do me one more kindness; take Mary home with you to the cottage this evening. The conveyance which brings my son, Richard, will also bring Lawyer Dubreil, with whom I yet have some business. I shall never see you again in this world. Farewell!"

When the will of Colonel Ogilvie was read it was found that beside the guardianship and care of Mary, a liberal annuity for life was bequeathed to Mother Ursula and Madame Angela to be paid into their hands by Lawyer Dubreil at the beginning of each year.

No looking forward now to lonely and povertystricken old age. All that was provided for by the thoughtfulness of the man who felt himself indebted to them for their great kindness to him and Mary. They had cast their bread upon the waters and after many days it had returned.

It was one of the singular coincidences of life that Mark Ogilvie should have returned to his home the very day that his father was laid in his quiet resting place in Dorton church-yard. But such was the case, and without a word of opposition from any quarter, he took possession of "Ogilvie's Pride," and

outwardly and inwardly affairs continued the same, as though the colonel were yet master there.

Mother Ursula and Madame Angela remained at the cottage and Mary with them; all satisfied that they were quite as happy there as they could have been at "Ogilvie's Pride."

But strange as was Mark Ogilvie's appearance at that time, it did not occasion so much suprise as the knowledge would have done, that it was not his first return to his native village during his long absence.

The very year that Timothy and Granny Edmonds had found a home with Miss Bowlsby was the date of his former visit, and not a creature, not even his father, knew that on a bright moonlit night Mark Ogilvie was standing on a gentle knoll by Archibald Levering's mill taking a long look at his old home.

The years of absence had sprinkled his hair with silver and converted his reserved manner into one almost austere.

He had lived in Italy and its suns had bronzed his yet handsome face; the passing years had attenuated his once robust form. He left his home saddened and disappointed; he returned world-weary and more silent than ever.

He had not heard one word from Miss Bowlsby since he left his native land, and it was his longing to see her that had brought him home. He had landed in Baltimore and the same evening drove out to Dorton, and directly to the farm once owned by the Bowlsbys. He was unrecognized, for none of the Carleton family had seen him, and from them he gained the information that he asked without exciting any surprise on their part.

His sorrow was sincere when he heard of the trials and afflictions which she had undergone since the death of her foster-parents, but a new hope came into his heart when he heard she was yet unmarried, and was living in a home of her own. Before an hour had passed he was back in Baltimore, and the next morning found him in the quiet parlor of Miss Bowlsby.

It was Timothy who opened the door for him, and a strange thing happened.

Mark Ogilvie, who had no fondness for children, and never noticed them, gazed for a moment into the pensive brown eyes of the boy; tears filled his own; he turned a shade paler, his lips trembled, and stooping low, he took the boy in his arms and pressed a kiss upon the broad forehead.

Miss Bowlsby did not refuse to see Mark Ogilvie, but her heart thrilled no more at the sound of his once loved voice; that belonged to the past. She received him kindly as an old friend, and made no allusion to her lonely, suffering life since they parted. But her answer to his second offer of marriage was a gentle but firm refusal. She could have reminded him that the obstacle which he had raised against their union still existed; she knew no more of her parentage than she did when he made his first offer of his hand.

She assured him that no living being should know of this interview save themselves, and with a pang of regret for "the might have been," Mark Ogilvie bade her farewell and left the house and neighborhood. Now, after the lapse of years he was back at "Ogilvie's Pride" as owner; a lonely, silent man, as different from Colonel Ogilvie as if of another race.

As time passed, his neighbors ceased to make an effort to be social with him, and none could say that they felt comfortable in his society. His work-peo-

ple were kept upon farm topics alone when with their dignified employer and always felt constrained and awkward in his presence.

He was not liked, and he knew it; but it made no change in his deportment toward the people he had known all his life. His words were few; a silent nod being his only recognition of those he met upon the highways, if men, and a courtly raising of his hat if women.

Mark Ogilvie had one trait in his nature besides his haughty manner which was not agreeable to his neighbors, that being his determined dislike to allowing anything to trespass upon his property, barking dogs being his especial abomination.

Grace Darling would trespass and would bark as often as pleased her, and this in time brought grief to the tender heart of Timothy. She appeared to have a particular fondness for Mr. Mark Ogilvie's domains and everything seemed to encourage the preference. If she started a rabbit in Mrs. Carleton's woods, it was sure to run into that belonging to Mr. Ogilvie and Grace Darling after it, and Timothy found her less obedient to his whistling and

calling than at any other time, she apparently finding so much to interest her there.

When Timothy set snares and box-traps and went in the early dawn to examine them, Grace Darling was always in advance, and had a hilarious time barking in Mr. Ogilvie's woods while waiting for Timothy, which Mr. Ogilvie was sure to hear, for he appeared ubiquitous, the village boys who appreciated fruit and melons, affirming that he prowled around all night.

One morning Timothy arose early to visit his snares. A light snow had fallen, the very best of times for rabbits to be abroad.

He had intended slipping off without Grace Darling, not that he dreaded Mr. Ogilvie, for he knew nothing of his dislike to dogs, but because she had followed him twice to Dorton and also to Mr. Levering's mill during the afternoon before, and he knew she must be weary. He descended quietly into the kitchen, warm and light from the coal fire smouldering in the large stove, and quiet, for as yet none of the family were astir. Grace Darling—curled up on a pillow appeared to take no notice of Timothy, not even stirring to let him know that she was aware

of his presence; but the moment he reached for his cap, she was alert, and when the outer door was opened, she shot out like an arrow, barking at the highest pitch of her sharp, clear voice.

Timothy ran briskly over the crisp surface, and reaching a gentle knoll he stood for a moment taking a view of the surrounding country. Everything looked beautiful under its mantle of snow; and Timothy, refreshed by sleep, light-hearted and healthy, felt that life had much in store for him.

He could see Mr. Wheeler—the miller employed by Mr. Archibald Levering—emerge from his cottage, lantern in hand, descend the path to the mill, unlock the the door and enter. Timothy knew that a few moments would elapse until the water would be turned on, and the huge wheel would start on its unhasting, yet unresting round. He waited to hear it.

He saw the first puff of smoke issue from the chimneys of "Ogilvie's Pride," and his eyes were keen enough to discern the servants, lazily opening the shutters and the plaid-turbaned head of Chloe as she went from the kitchen of the mansion to the cooking-shed and smoke-house. The bark of a dis-

tant watch-dog sounded clearly and distinctly on the morning air, the east was beginning to redden, tingeing with rose each frosted tree and shrub. Timothy loved the country, and this morning above all others, he thought that nothing could be lovelier.

The deep rumble of the mill aroused him to a sense of passing time, and whistling to Grace Darling, he ran on, and soon reached the snare. It was bent almost to the ground with a fine fat opossum, around which the dog was capering in an ecstasy of joy.

Timothy's face was in a glow of delight; he viewed it all around, then concluded to let it remain until his return from his traps. Grace Darling, as usual, ran on before, and for a moment he lost sight of her, when the sharp crack of a rifle, followed by a yelp of mortal pain, caused his tender heart to bound. Almost stupified with dread, he followed the sound. There lay Grace Darling, blood flowing from her mouth, and quivering in the agony of death.

The boy's grief was too deep for tears. He took the suffering creature to his breast and laid his pale cheek upon her glossy head. She tried to caress his hand, but her strength was gone, and with the last quiver of her dainty limbs, Timothy fell senseless upon the snow.

When he revived, he found himself upon the lounge in the sitting-room at Mrs. Carleton's, and through the half open door he heard her voice, suppressed and trembling with passion.

"He is a poor orphan, Ogilvie; the dog saved his life and the lives of many others; no wonder he loved it. It was an unmanly, wicked deed in you to kill her."

No reply.

"With the means and education you have you might be of use in the world instead of a blight and a terror; no wonder everybody hates you and shuns you."

He made no reply.

"Leave this house, sir, instantly; and never let me see you upon my premises again."

There was no reply. The shutting of the door and departing footsteps were sufficient answer.

Mrs. Carleton's boys set out for school at Dorton without Timothy that morning, for he was not able to accompany them. His tears flowed silently the

greater part of the forenoon, as he lay nearly motionless upon the lounge, and Mrs. Carleton, passing in and out upon her household errands, felt deep sympathy for the sorrowing boy, mingled with indignation against the unprovoked cruelty of her neighbor, Mark Ogilvie.

That evening, while the boys were in the sittingroom preparing their lessons for the morrow and Grandfather Carleton in bed, Mrs. Carleton and Timothy sat by the stove in the kitchen.

"If I could only get my poor dog and bury her," said he sorrowfully, "I would not feel so badly; but I am afraid to go; I am afraid of meeting Mr. Ogilvie."

"I saw Pomp driving him to the village this evening in the sleigh, perhaps he has not yet returned. Suppose you go now; it is moonlight and the snow will enable you to find her."

Comforted, Timothy took his cap and went.

He followed his and Grace Darling's tracks in the snow, until he came to where she met her death, but the body was not there. With tears flowing he returned to trace his steps, when Mark Ogilvie stepped from behind an oak tree and confronted the terrified boy.

"Do not shrink from me," said the master of "Ogilvie's Pride" almost imploringly. "I am sorry I killed your dog. If money could restore her life it would be freely given. I crave your forgiveness. The deed is done, never to be undone, but I will try to make amends. I am a lonely man, have no relatives except a brother, Richard Ogilvie, from whom I am estranged. I want something to occupy my long evenings. I am weary of being alone. If you wish an education, I am capable and willing to give it to you."

Timothy was too bewildered to frame a reply, he turned abruptly away.

"Boy!" exclaimed Mr. Ogilvie, placing a detaining hand upon his shoulder, "say that you will forgive me, and will accept my offer."

Granny's favorite motto, "Overcome evil with good," came into Timothy's mind. He thought of her as he had once seen her, helpless and homeless, but patient and resigned upon her bed in the hospital, he reached out his hand to Mr. Ogilvie.

"I will ask Mrs. Carleton and do as she says," said he, simply.

After that night, all leisure times and every evening found the boy alone with Mr. Ogilvie, whom he had learned to esteem, to revere and love. To Timothy Mark Ogilvie gave the results of his rich experience, the benefit of his cultured mind. Together they roamed the wooded hills in search of plants and minerals, together contemplated the starry heavens, and Mrs. Carleton, noble and unselfish, looked on, well pleased.

CHAAPTER XII.

THE GARRIGUE.

The undertaking suggested by Lawyer Dubreil proved to be a success. The brownstone dwelling was a home appreciated by its guests and the little lawyer did his share to make it so.

The gloomy forbodings which had beset Mrs. Amanda Levering were forgotten in the prosperity that attended the change of abode, the activity of body and mind developed by necessity and the congenial society of intelligent people.

The comforts by which she was surrounded, and the pleasure of having her mother always with her, reconciled her to any little discomforts which crossed her path. She had not lost caste among those with whom she wished to mingle, as she had darkly prophesied, instead, handsome equipages brought her old-time callers to the main entrance of "The Garrigue," and it was those acquaintances whose friendship was worth retaining who came.

Yes, Mrs. Garrigue and Mrs. Levering were leading prosperous and busy, therefore happy lives; and were for the most part, as exempt from annoyance as could have been expected. True, there were the trifling ones inseparable from boarding houses; the pair of lovers for instance, and the inevitable drummer upon the piano.

The lovers belonging to "The Garrigue" were a model couple indeed, so devoted to each other, so oblivious of the miniature world about them that they monopolized the parlor every evening of their lives with as much *sang froid* as though they considered it their individual property.

To give them due credit they did not, by hint or by look, intimate a desire for such monopoly; but when a lady guest of the house descended to the parlor after tea, she found no one but the lovers, and finding herself de trop sought again the seclusion of her room. Perhaps another lady tried it with like result, and in time it became an understood thing that the guests of the house should pass their evenings in their own rooms or that of their friends and leave the parlor to the lovers. It was not the pleasant meeting ground that it had been the winter pre-

ceeding, when all the ladies and gentlemen in the house, with perhaps guests of some of them, met there of evenings and had a social time.

Applications for board from eligible people had been frequent, owing as much to the charming society to be found under its roof as to the superior management of Mrs. Garrigue, and she did not wish the impression counteracted, so resolved to ask advice of her ally—Lawyer Dubreil.

"They are really driving everybody out of the parlor of evenings;" said she plaintively, "although I will do them the justice to believe that they are innocent of such intention."

"Just so, just so, my dear madam; they are blind—blind as bats to everybody but each other. Well, well, it is really wonderful how silly young people are when they are in love; the ostrich with its head stuck in the sand of the desert is a Socrates in comparison."

"You are fertile in expedients, Mr. Dubreil; cannot you suggest some plan which I can adopt for the benefit of yourself and the other guests without offending the couple?" Mr. Dubreil considered. "It has always been a maxim of my life, my dear madam, that in union there is strength; could not you ladies organize and descend in a body, and so rout the common enemy?"

"I do not care to make it a subject of discussion if it could be avoided, for they are not only pleasant guests, but I esteem them as personal friends. I also take an interest in the attachment, for I think it will be an excellent and suitable match. But that does not help me out of the difficulty," she added with a sigh.

"Quite true, my dear madam, quite true; and that is the point to be considered at this time."

"Independent of the lady guests, who are hampered up in their rooms in the evenings, there is young Dr. Adriance and the other medical students, who are compelled to pass their evenings out because they have no social evenings here; we must really devise some way to bring about a change of affairs."

"Some amusement or other," replied Mr. Dubreil, "that will interest the lovers as well as the others. Well, well, my dear madam, give me a little time to consider. It has always been a maxim of mine 'to be sure you are right and then go ahead."

"Take as much time as you think best, but I hope you will think of something practicable very soon, or I fear I shall be under the necessity of giving them a gentle hint—which I should be loth to do."

The next morning at breakfast the little lawyer arose and made a short speech, which was listened to attentively, and elicited marks of approval.

"Ladies and gentlemen, you are all invited to assemble in the parlors this evening. I have a plan in view for helping to pass our evenings pleasantly this winter, and would like your assistance in carrying out my design."

After much speculation and discussion during the day, it was not surprising that all the guests were congregated after tea in the parlor.

It was suggested by Lawyer Dubreil and met with unanimous approval that a literary club be organized to be called "The Garrigue Literary Society." It was to include every lady and gentleman in the house, each member being privileged to invite a guest to the fortnightly meeting of the society.

Lawyer Dubreil was elected president, and Mrs. Garrigue vice-president. Then Mr. Dubreil nominated one of the lovers as secretary and the other as

treasurer, seconded by Mrs. Garrigue, which was agreed to unanimously, much to the satisfaction of the originators of the society. Another feature of the fortnightly meeting which met with unanimous approval was, that whatever the literary offering tendered by the member who was appointed to provide it for that particular evening, let it be sketch, story, essay or poem, it must be original with that member. Three at least must be provided for each evening, and any visitor who provided an original article would receive the thanks of the society. Between the readings they decided that charades, tableaux, conversation and music would give variety to the exercises.

Four evenings of each week all the members who could possibly make it convenient, were to meet in the parlor to arrange the tableaux and to assist those appointed to prepare original papers, if such assistance were desired, and it was expressly stipulated that no member should decline to prepare an article if it fell to his or her lot to do so, but they were privileged to decline reading it, if they so desired.

A small admission fee was to be required of members and guests, to be appropriated at the last of the season for the purchase of an autograph album for each member of the club, as a memento of the winter's amusement.

The secretary was called upon to take the names of the members upon separate slips of paper, and when the drawings for the first original article was made, the name of Mrs. Amanda Levering was drawn.

"Oh, please excuse me!" cried the lady blushingly, "I never wrote but one sketch in my life, and that was a school composition."

"And that won the prize," said one of the other members smilingly, "you see I was there, my dear Mrs. Levering, and know whereof I speak." The other members joined in the laugh at the discomfitted essayist, and all had something to say.

"It is unparliamentary to decline," lisped the treasurer, who was a law student of Mr. Dubreil. If it had been my name that was drawn you would have seen how readily I would have complied."

"Ignorance is certainly bliss," murmured the other law student.

"Perhaps your turn may come next," replied the president smilingly to the treasurer.

"Can he not take my place?" questioned Mrs. Levering, deprecatingly. "I will do what I can to assist him in preparing his sketch if he wishes it."

"You can call upon any member to assist you also," remarked Lawyer Dubreil consolingly; "please set a good example by conforming to the rules of the society."

At the second ballot, to the amusement of all, the name of the treasurer was drawn.

Mrs. Levering's blushes were dim in comparison with his, and his lady-love sympathized in his embarrassment.

"I was never known to write an original paragraph in my life," lisped he.

"Except a recipe for hair-oil," suggested the other law student.

"It is unparliamentary to decline," remarked Mrs. Levering. "And you can have all the members to help you," laughed another guest.

"It is nothing to write an original article, boy," said another.

"I feel like a bird in a snare or a fish in a net," said the hapless youth, and he fell into a revery which lasted until the third ballot decided that the next original article was to be prepared by Dr. Garnet Adriance, when he came out of his study of a theme, to unite in the general laugh at the discomfiture of the young medical student.

The fourth writer was not drawn by ballot, but any member or guest who was willing to add to the pleasure of the evening was solicited to oblige in this happy way. The society then adjourned.

"That was a stroke of policy, my dear madam, that was a stroke of policy, that of giving each of the lovers an office," said Lawyer Dubreil to Mrs. Garrigue rubbing his small white hands gleefully, when the members were scattered about the spacious parlors. "It was on the principle of the counterirritant which physicians employ in obstinate cases; the only difference being that we reverse it, and use a counter-amusement."

"And a very effective principle it bids fair to be," smiled Mrs. Garrigue.

"That was a grain of wisdom that I gathered while teaching a district school when quite a young man, in the village of Dorton. I have never forgotten it, and it has been of vast use to me through life."

Mrs. Garrigue's appreciative smile encouraged him to proceed.

"You see, my dear madam, the young people of the neighborhood organized a society each winter which they called a lyceum, meeting one evening in a week in the school house, the school teacher being president. Well, my dear madam, the winter I was there we were annoyed by four or five large boys who congregated outside and amused themselves by pounding on the shutters, whistling through the keyhole, and occasionally throwing stones against the door.

The teacher had no more authority over them than any one else, and without taking undue praise to myself I will tell you how I put an end to the whole annoyance. Why, the simplest way in the world. Invited them all in and gave every renegade of them an office. To be sure we had to manufacture a few to suit the exigency, but no matter, they each felt that something was expected of them, and were of as much account as anybody; and, my dear Mrs. Garrigue, it worked like a charm."

"All honor to tact," laughed Mrs. Garrigue, "it

was far more effective than all the expostulations that could have been offered."

The first meeting of the club proved a decided success, every member was present, and many of them had an invited guest. The admission fees rattled merrily into the treasurer's box, the literary contributions were unexpectedly creditable, every promise given by the program was fulfilled, and better than all everybody was pleased.

The lovers sat upon the divan, and were as much interested as one could expect under the circumstances, and if they ever suspected "there was method in the madness," they kept their own counsel.

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CHAPTER XIII.

CAROLINE A HEROINE.

To Caroline Levering, reared in a retired farm-house everything in and around her uncle's elegant home, on one of the most fashionable streets of St. Louis had come with the prestige of novelty, and each and every pleasure was anticipated and enjoyed to its fullest extent.

She was young and inexperienced, but also apt and intelligent, and developed more rapidly in the surroundings so congenial to her, in the first three months of her visit than in any one year of her existence at home. That mode of life Caroline realized was entirely suited to her, and she dropped naturally into the luxurious manner of living, though entirely different from any she had experienced or even imagined.

She enjoyed everything; days and weeks flew by upon golden wings; she never before had thought that life could be so full of pleasure.

All the education that Caroline had received previous to leaving home, was obtained in the district school of Dorton, and as it was given up to boys in winter, the girls of the neighborhood who were too large to go to Cousin Melie's home school had to be satisfied with what knowledge they could gain through the summer months, therefore Caroline's acquirements were necessarily limited.

Her cousin, Sylvia Harkness, was favored with an efficient governess, who was requested by Dr. and Mrs. Harkness to bestow the same attention upon the instruction of their niece as upon their daughter, and Caroline applied herself so diligently to study that her progress surprised and charmed them all.

So the four years of Caroline's sojourn in the beautiful home were passing away and the holidays of the last winter of her stay being near at hand, preparations for welcoming the new year were progressing briskly in the family of Dr. Harkness.

The two girls entered heartily into the spirit of it, for this was the first season that Sylvia was to help her mother entertain callers, and Caroline was to assist in doing the honors, For years past no New Year's receptions had eclipsed those of Mrs. Harkness, and she resolved that the coming one should surpass them all.

The toilets of the young lady friends who had in preceding years assisted her in receiving were marvels of artistic beauty, and she decided that those of Sylvia and Caroline should not suffer by comparison.

The music, floral decorations and refreshments she resolved should excel those of any previous year.

"There is one vexation I have to contend with," she remarked while she and the girls were making out the list of refreshments.

"I think I know what it is, mamma," said Sylvia.

"Yes, I am sure you do; it is your Uncle James, who makes it a point to come around especially to protest against my offering wine to callers. He vexed me so last year with his puritanical nonsense that I was almost tempted to ask him to oblige me by not troubling himself to call upon us on New Year's days if the mere sight of wine upset him so."

"I wonder if he really thinks it wrong, or considers that because he is a minister it is his duty to

frown down everything of the kind?" questioned Caroline.

"Oh, he is sincere, you may be sure. You ought to have heard the parlor sermon he preached to me last New Year's morning about 'leading souls to ruin by my wicked persistence in having intoxicating beverages at my parties, but his twaddle counts nothing with me. I am twenty years older than he, and consider myself quite as capable of managing my own affairs as he is to manage them for me."

"There is no truer proverb," laughed Caroline, than 'A prophet is not without honor save in his own country.' What would some of Mr. Ridgely's parishioners, who look upon him as almost infallible, think to hear you?"

"Oh, I think the world of him, too," replied Mrs. Harkness quickly. "His only fault lies in being too good. He makes mountains out of mole-hills, and seems to believe that every little harmless thimbleful of wine is a pitfall for unwary youth. But somehow I can never look upon his opinion except in the light of boyish enthusiasm, which will subside as he grows older."

"What does Uncle Harkness say to your brother's interference?"

"He laughs at him for worrying, and at me for being provoked at it; but as he sees that I always carry the day, he troubles himself no further."

"Perhaps he will not say anything about it this year, as no evil result ever followed our receptions," remarked Sylvia.

"I am looking for him every day," sighed her mother.

"I don't believe that any gentleman that ever called here was the worse for the wine they drank," continued Sylvia, "and our wines are noted for their age and excellence, and some of them drank a good deal."

"I reminded Brother James of that last year," said Mrs. Harkness.

"Poor Uncle James!" laughed Sylvia, "he put on the longest and saddest face you ever saw and sighed bitterly as he said, 'the future will tell.' He really acts in this respect as though the whole responsibility rests upon us of making drunkards of the young men who visit here. You may be sure he is worrying about it already." "I took time by the forelock and reminded him that it would be of no use to prepare arguments for this New Year, for we would not be the first to set an example of penuriousness," said Mrs. Harkness.

"Well, he certainly will not force his opinions upon you after that," remarked Caroline serenely.

"I am not so sure of it," replied her aunt. "He was always so persevering, and it appears to me that opposition only strengthens him in his opinions. Why, when he was a little fellow he would have his notions of right and wrong, and after one had fatigued one's-self nearly to death arguing a point with him the first thing you knew without any talk about it, he was having his own way. Oh, I know him thoroughly, but I intend having my own way in my own house, as much as I think of him."

Sunday morning dawned bright and beautiful and the Harkness family went to church, as was their usual custom. Brother James had not been around with his customary New Year remonstrance and Mrs. Harkness, though professing to care but little for his opinion, was jubilant in consequence. She resigned herself to his discourse, at peace with him and all the world, notwithstanding the sealskin cloak

in the pew before her, wrapped in its soft folds a rigid temperance woman, who had once been a crusader.

The sermon was over and Brother James, with a slight tremor in his voice, begged the attention of the congregation a few moments longer. He wished to ask them not to place alcoholic drinks upon their refreshment tables on the coming New Year's day.

"I scarcely deem it necessary, my friends, to apologize for thus calling this matter to your attention, although I feel almost sure that there are no families in my congregation, with one exception (glancing toward his brother-in-law's pew) who are willing to turn their parlors into bar-rooms on New Year's day, or any other day. If I thought so I would beg them to consider well before laying such traps for unwary feet. Many a young man," continued he, "who would shun a place which was kept for the sole purpose of dispensing liquors, would be tempted to drink among friends whom they looked upon as examples, and when fair ladies were the tempters. Do not, my friends, I beseech you, sully the first page of the fair New Year with such a blot."

There was one person at the very lowest calculation in the pew of Dr. Harkness, who, compelled to be silent, was swelling with indignation and shame. Several other pairs of eyes had traveled stealthily in that direction—guided by those of the minister and the sealskin coat, which by reason of proximity, could not see how neighbor Harkness relished this home thrust, nodded a cordial acquiescence with his sentiments.

The feelings of Mrs. Harkness that afternoon were anything but devotional. Anger at her brother's daring mode of attack was the most predominant, and plans for showing her resentment without drawing upon herself or him the censure of his congregation, occupied her mind the best part of the afternoon. Not that she wished to really wound or offend him; her pride in him, and affection for him was deep and sincere; she only wished to impress upon his mind that she was tired of what she considered his unwarrantable interference in her affairs and to let him know once for all, that he was not to lecture her with impunity in public.

"To think," said she to the family at tea time, "that he had no more regard for my feelings than to

draw the attention of the whole church toward me; I saw several look around to see how I took it, and felt that plenty more were doing so."

Brother James had noticed it also, and not for a moment regretting his action in the matter, was saddened and depressed that his sister had enforced it upon his conscience to give a rebuke thus publicly.

As for Dr. Harkness, he enjoyed the whole affair heartily, and indulged in an irrepressible laugh every time he thought of it. In all the little diversities of opinion between his better half and himself she had come off with flying colors, and left him nowhere; and that Brother James, whom he had always looked upon as the most pliant of men should show himself equal to the emergency filled him not only with surprise and admiration, but if possible awakened a deeper respect for one whom he had looked upon as too amiable to possess much moral courage.

"I hope he will call to-morrow," said Mrs. Harkness angrily to Sylvia, "I want to admonish him that I am not to be lectured in church by a boy."

The next day was as bright as diamonds, the light snow which had fallen the evening before rendering the ivy and potted plants which decorated the Harkness mansion more vivid by contrast and the flowers more fragrant when inhaled after the keen air without.

Mrs. Harkness, Sylvia, Caroline and several other ladies all elegantly attired received the guests, and groups of gentlemen were conversing with each other—the first callers of the day—when Brother James was announced.

Sylvia and Caroline had received orders from Mrs. Harkness not to offer him refreshments, as she wished to take that duty upon herself, and allowed him to mingle with the other callers until it suited her convenience.

His eye immediately sought out Caroline, who, looking as sweet as a violet in her simple but elegant toilet, had received the callers and exchanged the compliments of the season with the ease and composure of one long accustomed to society, and had now withdrawn to a big bay window to cull a tiny bouquet for a friend from the violets blooming luxuriantly there.

As she turned from the window her hand was taken and held closely in that of Mr. Ridgely.

"I can do nothing with my sister and niece," he said, "they are joined to their idols. You are yet innocent of leading a fellow-creature into temptation; this hand is yet guiltless of a brother's blood; promise me to keep it so."

Caroline glanced up at the form which towered above her. Mr. Ridgely's face was pale, his eyes moist with unbidden tears.

Her aunt and Sylvia were regarding her with vexed solicitude, her uncle with an amused smile.

"I promise you," she replied gravely, "promise for now and always."

"Thank God for this victory!" he whispered reverently, and pressing her hand in farewell, he bowed slightly to his sister and the others and left the house.

Caroline had no liking for wine; it was no hardship to promise to refrain from touching it herself or presenting it to others, therefore she promised. She had no scruples in regard to it, having all her life been accustomed to seeing it, but had given the subject no thought in any way.

One of her Aunt Hesba's accomplishments was the ability to make choice home-made wine, principally blackberry and currant. Not that she was a wine-bibber, for she scarcely ever tasted it, nor did any member of Archibald Levering's family except in case of sickness. It was only for those who were ailing that it was made, and there were few persons for miles around who had not some time or other in their lives sampled Aunt Hesba's wine.

Even persons in the city had sent for her blackberry cordial, which was considered a valuable tonic; but Hesba would have cut off her right hand rather than offer it to any human being, had it occurred to her that she was putting temptation in her way.

The years of Caroline's stay in St. Louis had been happy ones to Mr. Ridgely as to herself. He took great interest in the beautiful and attractive girl and did his share in educating her. He loaned his books to her and bought others that he wished her to read, took her and Sylvia out driving, visiting objects of interest in and around the city, interested himself in her music and painting and in all her studies encouraged and assisted.

One would almost wonder that a handsome, popular and wealthy young man would waste his time entertaining and instructing a school girl, when the

loveliest and most accomplished young ladies in St. Louis would have felt flattered with attention from him. But the truth was that he had loved her from the first moment of seeing her; while in return, she did not appear—even at seventeen—to look upon him in the light of a lover. To her, he was Sylvia's uncle; she was perfectly at her ease with him, and showed her pleasure at his coming without any attempt at disguise.

One would naturally suppose that Caroline would not be at home but a short time until she would drop into the niche she had occupied before her visit to St. Louis, but such was not the case; she had outgrown all that once interested her there, and would not try to enter into the pursuits of those about her.

She sat by the window in her room most of the time gazing at the chance vehicles that passed on the way to and from Dorton, alternating that occupation with reading the light literature which had accompanied her from St. Louis. Thus a fortnight passed and she was growing more discontented every day.

"Caroline," said her Aunt Hesba one morning as the girl arose languidly from the breakfast table, "there is to be preaching over at the village this evening, will you go?"

"Oh, Aunt Hesba, what good would it do me to go trailing through the wet grass to hear a stupid ignorant preacher, and see people with bonnets ten years behind the times." Aunt Hesba's face flushed indignantly at this response to her really kind request.

"It is because I thought it might do you good, Caroline, and I don't know anyone who stands more in need of it than yourself. It is only a mile across to Dorton, as you well know, traveling it twice a day to school as you did when you were younger and better. The grass is not damp at this time of year, and one has a good long rest there before walking back."

"You are not going, are you?"

"To be sure I am, and you should certainly stand the walk as well as I."

"You do not go alone through those lonely, dreary fields, do you?"

"No, Archie, the dear boy, will go with me. Mrs. Wheeler goes when she can, and we sometimes call for Mrs. Grayson."

"Archie was saying this morning before you were up, Caroline," said her mother, who had been a silent listener to the conversation, "that Mrs. Wheeler told him last evening that you were welcome to practice upon her piano if you wished. She said you would be apt to get rusty in music if you had nothing to practice upon."

"What, the miller's wife? Has she a piano in that pigeon-box she lives in?"

"It was a pigeon-box large enough to hold your mother," commented Aunt Hesba grimly, "do not forget that she was born there, and always lived there until she married your father."

"I suppose it is some old tin-pan of an affair," said Caroline ignoring her aunt's remark, "some old-fashioned thing they have picked up second-hand in the city, and thought to astonish the neighborhood with it when they moved out here."

"I am no judge of pianos, Caroline, as you well know," said her mother, "but Mrs. Wheeler makes good music upon it; I know enough to know that."

"What! does she play?" said Caroline with awakened interest, "the miller's wife?"

"If it had been summer time and the doors open, there would be no need to have asked that question, and being a miller's wife need not prevent her from knowing A from B," said her aunt.

"No," said Caroline dryly, "but it is a wonder she married a miller."

"Your father is not a miller, I suppose," remarked Aunt Hesba.

"Father owns the mill and hires a miller to run it," said Caroline with marked emphasis.

"It was very kind in Mrs. Wheeler to make the offer of her piano," said Mrs. Levering soothingly, "you ought to go down, dear, and thank her."

"She has never called upon me," said Caroline with curling lip. "I shall wait for that."

"Well, I hope you will have to wait a while," said Aunt Hesba as she arose to leave the room. "Do be a sensible girl, Caroline, if you can; put on your bonnet this afternoon and go down to the cottage, and not wait for such nonsense here as a first call; you know she has been sick ever since you have been at home."

"I do think that Aunt Hesba grows more disagreeable every day," remarked Caroline, as her aunt

withdrew from hearing, "and I still say that it is strange that the miller's wife plays the piano."

"I do not see why her husband's occupation should make a difference in that way," replied her mother mildly, "but Mr. Wheeler was not always a miller, he was a bookkeeper in the city when he and Mrs. Wheeler were married."

"How did he happen to get out here with father?" questioned Caroline, who having read everything she had brought home with her, was for lack of something to interest her, prolonging the conversation.

"He picked up a knowledge of machinery when he was a boy, and the confinement of bookkeeping not agreeing with his health, he came out here. He has friends in Dorton who sent him word that your father needed a miller; he came and is a competent person."

"His wife must be a strange creature to be contented here."

"She has her household duties to interest her, and a sweet little daughter, Annette, and the baby; both as you know are great company for Archie, who is down there every day of his life; and just now a nephew of Mr. Wheeler is visiting there, a little boy younger than Archie."

It was evident that Mrs. Wheeler knew what etiquette required of her for a day or so after Caroline's conversation in regard to her, she called, cardcase in hand, and clad in a neat and becoming toilet.

Caroline could not help being pleased with her gentle, self-possessed neighbor, and chatted pleasantly with her while she remained, but the visit conferred no lasting cheerfulness. Mrs. Wheeler was not Sylvia nor any of her friends, and Caroline had nothing in common with her.

The letters which she received from her cousin, and which Caroline looked upon as her only pleasure, but added to the measure of her discontent.

The gay, sparkling missives, filled with gossipy news of the sayings and doings of the progressive and brilliant world of society of which Caroline had once been a valued member, and from which she considered herself unnecessarily withdrawn, formed a striking contrast to the answering letters, and no one was more conscious of it than Caroline herself.

Archie's letters from his mother also spoke of the pleasures of their winter evenings, specified by Mrs, Amanda with the design of amusing and instructing her boy, and which answered the desired end without creating one thought of discontent; for Archie was truly happy in his home.

The mill and all that belonged to it was a perpetual source of pleasure; he never wearied watching the huge wheel as it performed its alloted task with such dignified faithfulness, and the miller's admiration was sincere at the boy's quickness in understanding the management of the machinery. Yes, Archie was contented, and that was more than could be said of his young Aunt Caroline. Since her return Mrs. Amanda had sent her many pressing invitations to visit her, and although Caroline had bitterly contrasted the life there, as given in Archie's letters, with her own objectless existence, yet she had never gone, for the simple reason that she would not step foot in the antediluvian carriage, and there was no other conveyance.

Time passed on, and one evening Aunt Hesba ventured again to ask her to accompany her to church at Dorton the next day. A preacher was visiting the different churches, and although that of Dorton came on his list upon a week day, and

what was more, one of Aunt Hesba's busiest ones, she never thought of missing such an opportunity, and to her pleased surprise Caroline accepted the invitation and accompanied her.

After church Aunt Hesba lingered to speak to the minister, and to have a chat with friends and neighbors, and Caroline, impatient at the delay, set off for home alone.

Her reflections were not cheerful as she walked along. She had only gone to church to kill time, and the benefit derived from the services was slight, indeed.

She was startled from the reverie into which she had fallen by a scream of terror, and looking toward the dam above the mill, she saw a small boy disappear beneath the water, while Archie and several other terrified comrades stood upon the bank help-less to render assistance.

Throwing aside bonnet and gloves in her rapid flight, Caroline rushed to the bank, plunged into the smooth, clear water, and swam swiftly toward the drowning boy. Twice he sank and rose, and was disappearing for the third time when Caroline grasped him. "Don't!" she cried, sharply, as the boy strove to clasp her about the neck. "I will save you if you do not hinder me; if you drag me under, we will both drown."

Holding him on one arm, she grasped the boat from which he had fallen, and resting her other arm upon it, she assisted him into it, and after waiting a moment to recover breath, struck out for the shore, taking the boat with her.

She had not been in the water for several years; the weight of her clothing retarded her motion, and she was weary from her walk; but she was a fearless and expert swimmer, was determined to save the boy, and she did save him. Almost exhausted she reached the shore, where stood Mrs. Wheeler, pale and anxious, the boy being her husband's nephew, and she had seen the whole occurrence from her window.

In the joy of his deliverance, Mrs. Wheeler clasped the shivering girl to her breast, and besought her to go with them to the cottage which was nearer than her father's home, but Caroline thanked her and declined, and with rapid steps crossed the meadow, and in a few moments reached home.

Kind and anxious hands removed wet clothing; heating drinks were administered, comfortable beds received rescuer and rescued. The evening which Caroline had expected to pass drearily as usual was a pleasant one, happier by far than any she had spent since her return to her father's house, for she had done a good deed.

CHAPTER XIV.

A VISITOR FROM ST. LOUIS.

"Caroline," said Mrs. Levering one morning as her daughter came in from a visit to Mrs. Wheeler, "there is a letter for you on the table in your room. It came enclosed in one for your father."

"In a letter to father!" echoed Caroline; "who could have written to me that did not know that I am at home instead of at uncle's in St. Louis?"

"The letter is from St. Louis, and the writer appears to be a gentleman."

"A gentleman!" Caroline's beautiful face flushed with delight, and without further words, she bounded up the steps and in a moment was in her room.

There it lay upon the table, a firm, manly looking epistle, directed in a clear, educated, business hand. Caroline recognized it at a glance; knew every line and curve of the address, knew the monogram seal, 248

knew, in short, that it was a letter from the Rev. James Ridgely, and no other.

But to her father—why was that? She held it in her hand; she pondered; she must still the throbbing of her heart before she drew the letter from its envelope, she must for a moment enjoy in anticipation what at will she could make reality.

It could be but for one cause that Mr. Ridgely would write to her father, and that cause must be herself. Caroline was right. Mr. Ridgely had written to Archibald Levering, asking permission to address his daughter, and win her as his wife if he could.

If there had been no letter in it for Caroline, it is doubtful if she would have ever heard from her father that he had received it. Mr. Levering would in all probability have answered it, giving Mr. Ridgely liberty to do his own wooing without any assistance from him; but in some way the letter enclosed was a bond of unity between his daughter and himself; it touched some chord in his own blighted life which responded to the touch, and his heart warmed toward the unknown lover, as though he had unwittingly turned a page in his own youth.

Although caring but little for the courtesies and etiquette of society, Archibald Levering was by nature a gentleman, and he appreciated this token of respect from Mr. Ridgely far more than his daughter or anyone else would have given him credit for; therefore, when he gave the letter to Mrs. Levering to deliver to Caroline, he left the one addressed to himself with it, so Caroline had the whole story.

"To think he asked father first!" thought Caroline, flushing anew. "He thinks he is a polished gentleman like himself or Uncle Harkness; what will he think when he sees him? Oh, if father would only be a little more like other people!"

Mr. Ridgely's letter to Caroline was kind and friendly, but not lover-like. Having asked permission of her rightful guardian to address her as his future wife, he would wait until that permission was given before doing so. In the meantime he told her of the news in social circles, everything of religious interest that was transpiring there, spoke of her uncle's family, and mentioned how much she was missed by all.

After reading her own and her father's letter several times, Caroline fell into a delightful reverie.

Of course her father would give his consent, and it would result in her going back to St. Louis as the beloved wife of a popular young pastor. She saw herself presiding over the elegant home which she knew him to be able to possess, and her heart swelled with pride at the brilliant prospect.

Caroline felt a natural diffidence at meeting her father at dinner, so put off coming down as long as possible, and not until Hesba had sharply called her for the second time did she summon courage to answer the call.

Her father had removed his coat, as was his custom at meals, and hung it upon its peg behind the door, and was already at the table. He did not look up when Caroline entered, for which she mentally thanked him, though she feared at the same time that it was an unfavorable sign as to his opinion of Mr. Ridgely and his proposition. The meal was, as usual, partaken of almost silently, and as soon as it was finished Mr. Levering donned his coat and returned to the mill.

Caroline had that morning promised Mrs. Wheeler a book, and after tea walked down to the cottage with it in her hand. Under the exhilarating in-

fluence of happiness, how beautiful everything appeared to Caroline that evening, as she lightly trod the fresh young grass of the meadow which lay between her home and the cottage! How romantic and beautiful looked the hoary old mill in the rosy beams of the setting sun! How cheerily the birds were twittering their evening song in the newly leaved woods at the back of the cottage! How sweet and pure and lovely all things were, and yet at the same hour the evening before, how cold and dull and lifeless it had all appeared!

Mr. Levering was standing in the mill door in his usual attitude, upright, with his hands crossed behind him, as his daughter passed through the meadow a short distance from him. Her face flushed as she saw that he was observing her, and a presentiment that he intended speaking to her quickened her steps away, though why it did so she could not explain, even to herself. He reached for his cane, which always stood just within the mill door when not in use, stepped down the three steps which led to the mill yard, and went to meet her.

"Who is this James Ridgely who has written to me, enclosing a letter to you, Caroline?" he asked. The question did not surprise Caroline, for in the evenings when she condescended to entertain the home circle with scraps of information in regard to her visit, although her father occupied his accustomed place, he always appeared to be intently reading, and she did not know whether he caught any of the conversation or not. In these conversations Mr. Ridgely filled a prominent place, because he had been a prominent feature in her sojourn from home.

"He is a brother of Aunt Harkness, father," replied she, gaining confidence; "is a minister and has a fine church and congregation in St. Louis."

"An oldish man, I suppose?" commented her father.

"No, I do not think that he is more than twentyseven or eight; he is twenty years younger than Aunt Harkness, I once heard her say."

"I guess he is a fine man," said Mr. Levering, hesitatingly, "but—"

Caroline saw that her father had something on his mind, to which he did not give utterance, but never imagined that it was sorrow at the prospect of her going away again; for Mr. Levering was one of those persons who pass through life with their hearts veiled from those who are nearest and dearest, therefore are misunderstood and unappreciated.

"But you will not refuse him, father?" said Caroline, putting her own construction upon his hesitation. "You will answer his letter, giving your consent."

"Yes, child, yes," said her father, almost impatiently, as he turned away from his daughter and retraced his steps to the mill, while Caroline resumed her walk to the cottage.

Poor lonely father! Oh, Caroline, was there no affectionate instinct in your heart which prompted you to give your father one caress, or word of filial affection, one token that he was dear to you, one sigh at the thought of separation?

Mr. Ridgely's letter was answered by Mr. Levering, and the correspondence between Caroline and himself was regular and frequent, but no word in regard to it passed between father and daughter.

At length one evening Caroline received a letter from Mr. Ridgely which set her to thinking and planning seriously. Mr. Ridgely had written that he would do himself the honor of paying her a visit the following month.

Caroline was a believer in first impressions, and she made up her mind that her lover should see her upon her own ground under the most favorable circumstances possible; and these circumstances, she decided with her shallow reasoning, were not to be found under her father's roof, but in the city home of her brother David's widow.

Her resolution was soon made and her plans completed; she wrote to her sister-in-law, thanking her for the first time for her many kind invitations, and telling her when she might expect her. From thence she intended writing to Mr. Ridgely, telling him she was visiting and invite him to meet her at the home of Mrs. Amanda, in Baltimore.

"I am determined that he shall not see my home this trip, anyhow," she said to herself, "and by the next time he comes I hope there will be a change."

Poor girl! by the next time there was a change, but one which, with all her apparent heartlessness and real selfishness, bowed her to the earth in deep and sincere sorrow. The answer from Mrs. Amanda Levering came promptly, giving her a cordial invitation to come any day, and expressing her pleasure that it had at length suited Caroline's convenience to pay her a visit.

The young girl was now delightedly busy. The handsome dresses given her by her Aunt Harkness came into use, and as through her cousin Sylvia she had kept herself posted in regard to the changes and vagaries of fashion, she set cheerily about remodeling her wardrobe.

Aunt Hesba offered her assistance in the matter of doing the laundry work for laces and muslins, which offer was gladly accepted, and Caroline knew that she need exercise no care for their being well done, for in that matter, as in every other that she undertook, Aunt Hesba was proficient.

There was, however, to all this anticipated pleasure the inevitable drawback, the old carriage. Caroline was compelled to go to the city in it or stay at home.

Under any other circumstances she would most likely have postponed the visit, hoping, like Micawber, for something to turn up. But in such a case as the present, she was willing to risk a little damage to her pride for the sake of the object in view; besides, she thought of a way in which, if she could get her father to acquiesce, all mortifications in regard to the carriage and his antiquated appearance might be avoided, or at least in a measure lessened.

She knew that her father in his rare visits to the city stopped at a farmer's hotel to have his horse fed; and she thought she could manage, without his suspecting her motive, to induce him to let her alight there, and walk to her sister-in-law's, and Mrs. Amanda could send for her trunk that evening. Wardrobe completed and plans laid, Caroline bade her mother and Aunt Hesba a cheery goodbye and set out on her visit.

"Where do you intend stopping, father, when we get into town?" she questioned as the spires of the Monumental City came in sight. "I am not in the least hurry to get to Amanda's, as I did not tell her what time to expect me, so I will go around with you first wherever you wish to stop."

"I want to call at Lawyer Dubreil's office for a few minutes and at one or two other places, but first I will have the horse fed at the 'Golden Sheaf,' and as they keep carriages there to run to the depot and other places, I think it will be best to hire one, and send you and the trunk up to Amanda's; that will save me from going, and I will get home earlier."

Oh, no! Archibald Levering was no dunce. Had he not been entirely satisfied in his own mind that he was doing precisely what Caroline most desired, her sudden rise in spirits and inability to conceal her pleasure at the proposal, would have convinced him.

Before they drew up at the ladies' entrance to the hotel, it might have been noticed that Caroline's blue veil was in demand, and her retiring manner and evident desire to avoid attracting attention were beautiful to behold.

Her father procured the carriage at once, and in the shortest possible time she had bidden her father goodbye, had received a much more liberal supply of money than she had expected, and was driven in fine style to "The Garrigue."

Caroline was again in her element; and she appreciated keenly the large wide halls, the handsomely furnished rooms, the luxuries that met her upon every hand, and brought back to her mind that lovely visit to St. Louis.

Her sister-in-law received her cordially and conducted her to a pleasant room adjoining hers, from which she could look out upon the street; and after a chat in which Archie formed a prominent feature, left her that she might rest and refresh herself for dinner.

"You came at a very opportune time," said she as she was leaving the room; "the Literary Society meets this evening in the parlor, and I know you will enjoy it, besides you will be a valuable addition to the club."

Caroline felt as though floating through air, so jubilant, so happy was she; everything gave promise of a charming visit.

"Then I will dress again for evening, shall I not?" inquired she, eagerly.

"You can use your pleasure altogether about that," smiled Mrs. Amanda; "the ladies usually don something light for evening, but it is entirely optional; as you know, I wear nothing but black."

"And becoming as it is to most people, it is more so to you," said Caroline, sincerely.

Mrs. Levering left her to herself, but not before supplying her with writing materials, and in half an hour the letter to Mr. Ridgely was safely in the street letter-box, and Caroline could turn her attention to other things.

Evening came, and all the members of the Literary Society were present with the usual number of guests, and Caroline said to herself that she was never one of a more intelligent and agreeable company, while they were charmed with the beauty and grace of the young sister-in-law of Mrs. Levering.

Archie in the meantime had been watching somewhat impatiently for the return of his grandfather from the city that evening, and the moment he saw the gray horse turn into the lane he ran to open the gate.

Strange that it did not occur to any of them, even to Archie, how conveniently he could have visited his mother and returned in the evening.

If Caroline had thought of it, she would have most likely kept her thoughts to herself, as her maneuvers and calculations tended toward getting to her sister-in-law's without going in the old carriage, and Archie's going might have upset all her plans. As for Archie, he was so full of a little scheme of his

own that even the pleasure of a visit to the city did not occur to him.

"Did you see mother, grandfather?" he said, eagerly, as he commenced mechanically to help unharness the old gray horse.

"No, Archie, I did not go to the house; I sent your Aunt Caroline up in a hack."

Archie was a manly little fellow, but a chill of bitter disappointment came over him, and tears filled his large brown eyes. His grandfather noticed it, and sympathized with the boy.

"Did you want me to go and see her, Archie; you did not say anything about it before I went?"

"I did not know you could do any other way than go yourself," replied Archie, vainly striving to control his voice. "I wanted you to see mother and grandmother and the baby and tell me how they all looked, and besides I wrote a note to mother and sent it by Aunt Caroline."

"Caroline did not say a word to me about it, but that will make no difference; she will give it to your mother as soon as she gets there."

"Yet, but it would be of no use then. Wednesday of next week is Annette Wheeler's birthday, and I

wrote to mother to get something nice for my present to her, and send it by you. I know that mother would have gotten the very nicest thing she could."

"I am really sorry about it," said Mr. Levering, compassionately; "how would it do to give Annette some money and let her buy whatever suits her?" he added, looking about him and lowering his voice, as though afraid of being detected in doing a kindness.

"Oh, I don't think she would like that at all," replied the boy, "but thank you all the same, grandfather."

"Well, then, I cannot help you any, I fear; maybe your grandmother or Aunt Hesba could think of something; women know more about such things than men."

"Yes, sir, but I asked them before, and it was grandmother who put it into my head to write to mother, and send the letter by Aunt Caroline."

"Your Aunt Caroline did not know what was in the note, I suppose, or she would have told me," remarked Mr. Levering, reflectively.

"Oh, yes, sir, she knew, but I reckon she forgot it."





"He had offered himself to Caroline and been accepted"

"I could get some boy who brings grain to the mill to catch you a rabbit or squirrel to give her, and she could have it for a pet."

"Oh, that will be the very thing! How kind you are, grandfather. I know that would please Annette better than anything I could buy."

"There is a squirrel cage with a strong reel in it in the mill. I will paint it a pretty color, and it will look like new."

Archie was very happy over this prospect, knowing that his grandfather never failed in keeping a promise.

Timothy happened to be the first boy who came to the mill after the conversation, and it was he who was engaged to catch the squirrel; and by the time the cage was painted and dry, succeeded in getting a beauty, with bright eyes and bushy tail, a busy, active little fellow, that could make the reel fly, and Annette's present was complete.

Her birthday happened upon a school holiday, which Archie and she decided was the luckiest thing that ever could happen.

They helped Mrs. Wheeler make the birthday cake the evening before, and Archie, by special invi-

tation from Mrs. Wheeler, and consent of his grandmother, remained to tea at the cottage, for they were to deck the walls with evergreen and crowfoot, in honor of the occasion.

As soon as the frugal repast was over they set to work and had just finished, and were admiring the effect, when a knock was heard upon the door, and Hesba, with a shawl over her head, came in. A carriage load of visitors were at the house, and she had come for Archie.

Hesba was a little flustered by her speedy walk, and was in a hurry to go back, but she took time to admire the beauty of the room, the pure white walls gleaming through the lovely clinging foliage, with here and there scarlet berries adding to the effect.

Hesba had not informed Archie who the visitors were, for in truth she had not time, for he was off in a flash as soon as he heard of it; but to Mrs. Wheeler she gave the information that it was Mrs. Amanda Levering, Mr. Ridgely, and Caroline, who had driven out from the city to remain over night.

Caroline's enjoyment of her visit to her sister-inlaw did not fall an iota short of her expectations. Mr. Ridgeby came at the appointed time and stopped at a hotel in the neighborhood of "The Garrigue," and as in St. Louis he came very often to take Caroline out for a drive.

Sometimes he came with a double-seated carriage and invited Mrs. Garrigue and Mrs. Amanda to accompany them in long drives into the country. He remained over the Sabbath and preached at one of the most hoted churches in the city. Several of the guests of the house went to hear him, and their appreciation of his discourse was sweeter than music to the ears of his affianced, for he had offered himself to Caroline, and had been accepted.

"Miss Caroline," said Mr. Ridgely one morning, while sitting in the parlor of "The Garrigue," "I must return to St. Louis the last of next week and I shall not feel satisfied to leave here until I have seen your father and mother. Living as they do within driving distance of the city, I feel that it would be inexcusable in me to make no effort to pay my respects to them. We will go any day you appoint, and will be most happy to have Mrs. Levering accompany us," bowing to Mrs. Amanda, who was present.

"I shall be delighted to go," responded Mrs. Levering, quickly, to cover Caroline's chagrined silence; "I have, as you know, a son out there, and am glad to have the opportunity of going, particularly at this time, as he wrote a note by his Aunt Caroline for me to attend to some little matters for him, but as his grandfather could not make it suit to call that day, I could not send what he wrote for."

"Let me see," said Caroline, reflectively, mentally resolving to put it off long enough to give the home folks a chance to make some preparation; "this is Saturday; the birthday is next Wednesday. Suppose we go on Tuesday and spend the day."

"Whatever suits you ladies," said Mr. Ridgely, courteously. "I am entirely at your service."

"Or would it not be better to go on Tuesday evening and return on Wednesday morning," said Mrs. Amanda, who longed to pass an evening with Archie.

Caroline agreed; for she ran it quickly over in her mind that if there were any circumstances under which the dreary old parlor at home, with its striped home-made wool carpet, rush-seated chairs, and white muslin curtains, were endurable, it was when lighted up by a crackling hickory fire, and if there were any fair side to the picture, she wanted Mr. Ridgely to see it.

The reverend gentleman had scarcely disappeared through the hall door that morning before Caroline flew upstairs, wrote a letter home, and slipping out took it herself to the nearest letter-box.

She directed it to her Aunt Hesba, because Archie, who would call at the postoffice on his way home from school on Monday and receive the letter, would be less apt to ask Aunt Hesba its contents than if received by his grandmother; at all events, he would be less apt to hear them if he did ask, so to Hesba it was sent.

Caroline did not mention even to Mrs. Amanda that she had written, and took the precaution to tell her aunt and mother that she had not done so.

"It will not be necessary for any of you to mention to Mr. Ridgely and Amanda that I gave you notice," she added, and underscored, "then any changes you make will not be known as changes, and above all, don't tell Archie," this latter clause with marked emphasis.

"It will at least prevent us from catching mother with her every-day cap on," she thought to herself

as the letter dropped into the box, "and Aunt Hesba knitting at a stocking a yard long, and father in his shirt sleeves, and the sitting-room littered with bits of leather and strings and other traps which Archie has around him with his everlasting covering of balls"

So they went, and found all in perfect order, were warmly welcomed, and had a charming visit.

Now that they were really in her father's house, Caroline wondered that she could have dreaded it, everything was passing along so excellently.

How bright and comfortable looked the old-fashioned parlor in the blaze of the crackling fire which had been kept there all day! For, although spring had far advanced, the mornings and evenings were very cool, and Caroline offered a devout thanksgiving in consequence.

It is doubtful if Archie had not been so interested in the birthday festival, whether he could have been kept in ignorance of the unusual preparations going on at home; but he was at school all morning and at the cottage all afternoon, so the only time he had been in the house that day was to eat his dinner, and his grandmother and aunt took particular care that nothing likely to attract his attention should be about just at that time.

Hesba made one of her choicest pound-cakes, and dressed the finest poultry on the place, and Mrs. Levering did her share in getting all in readiness, unknown to Archie.

As to the fire in the parlor, it could have burned there a month and Archie have been none the wiser. The parlor was a spot which the boy did not affect; its everyday funereal aspect chilled him to the marrow of his bones. He thought it the dreariest place on earth, and it was until lighted and warmed by the rollicking fire which glorified every nook and angle, and made diminutive twin images of itself in the eyes of the happy circle around it.

Caroline could see that her father was pleased with Mr. Ridgely, and what was far more important in her eyes, that Mr. Ridgely was pleased with her father.

In all ner remembrance of Archibald Levering she had never before seen him take real interest in conversation; as to her mother, anybody that suited Caroline suited her.

Archie was in his favorite position on a stool at his mother's side, his arm resting upon her lap and hers around him, while she and Mrs. Levering dropped naturally into the subject so dear to both, that of the loved and lost—Archie's dead father.

Mrs. Amanda was very grateful to the grandparents for their kindness to her boy, glad to see him well and happy, glad that he could roam in the sweet green fields and woods, instead of up and down the stairs of a boarding house.

Caroline, seeing all happily interested, went out to chat with her aunt, who was putting the finishing touches to the supper. The long drive had given them excellent appetites, and Archie was reminded of his first evening there, when he saw the estimation in which his aunt's broiled chicken and excellent bread and coffee were held.

As soon as Mrs. Amanda had arrived that evening and laid aside her wraps, she had given Archie the presents from his Grandmother Garrigue, also a handsome wax doll for Annette, and a picture-book and puzzle to amuse both—the latter being Archie's present to Annette.

The visitors had intended returning to the city the next morning, but were so cordially invited to remain to dinner that they consented, and Archie was permitted to invite Annette up to take dinner with them, so, from the beginning, it was destined to be a perfect festival to the children.

After breakfast Archie accompanied his grandfather and Mr. Ridgely upon a walk down the creek, and Mr. Ridgely was charmed with the romantic beauty of the place.

Considering the short time which elapsed between breakfast and dinner, it was amusing to note the many private conferences that took place between the entertainers and their guests.

Mr. Ridgely had a few moment's private conversation with the parents of his betrothed, in which he affectionately thanked them for the confidence they reposed in him in giving him their only child, whereupon it was noticeable that Archibald was much affected, although for anything he possessed he would not have had anyone notice it, while Mercy smiled unmoved, with her usual placid sweetness.

Mrs. Amanda also had a few minutes' private conversation with the parents of her deceased hus-

band, to which Mr. Levering listened immovably, while Mercy's eyes filled with tears. Perhaps it concerned Archie, perhaps not; but whether so or otherwise, it made not a shade of difference in their kindness to her.

Caroline had a private chat with Aunt Hesba, in which she told of her engagement; also that Mr. Ridgely had received a call to the church in which he had preached since his visit to her, that he intended accepting it, and they would be settled near Mrs. Amanda.

Archie had a private conference with his mother in which he informed her in all sincerity that Annette Wheeler was the very prettiest girl in the whole world, and that he intended to marry her when he grew to be a man. Whereupon Mrs. Amanda smiled, and evinced a laudable curiosity to see the little maid; and when Annette appeared at dinner, a sweet, modest, well-bred child, Mrs. Amanda smiled again, and thought to herself that if in time it should turn out as Archie had planned, her consent would not be hard to gain.

Caroline had a few minutes' private conversation with her mother, in which she hurriedly whispered,

"Don't let Aunt Hesba put any wine on the dinner table, nor give a hint that she makes it."

Yes, it was a charming visit to all, and no one more than Hesba, for Mr. Ridgely had inquired into the state of the village church, and finding it languishing had interested himself in all the particulars.

Once upon a time it had been in a flourishing condition, had a minister of its own, and a parsonage; but a new church had been built in a neighboring village, and now it was only at chance times that service was held, and the parsonage had for many years been occupied by different mechanics who had successively moved into the village.

Mr. Ridgely had money, and he had influence; he resolved to use both in an endeavor to bring about a better state of things; and his prayer in the home circle that night seemed to Hesba to hold in it a comforting hope for the future. Nothing had endeared Archie more to her than his willingness to accompany her across the lonely fields to prayer meeting, and she longed for this change as much for him as for herself.

The dinner was, to Aunt Hesba's innocent satisfaction, a complete success, and about the middle of the afternoon the guests returned to the city.

Mrs. Amanda had embraced her mother-in-law, even more tenderly than usual ,and with tears in her lovely eyes besought Mr. Levering to bring her to the city for a good long visit.

"It would do mother much good," she said; "she needs a change."

For Mrs. Amanda had noticed what perhaps none of the others had given a thought—not Mr. Ridgely, for it was his first time of seeing her; not her own family, for they were with her all the time; she noticed that her mother-in-law's health was very frail. She sadly observed the languid step, the hurried breathing after exertion, the hollow eyes, the wan cheek; yes, Mercy Levering's time on earth was short, and no one was so conscious of it as herself.

At the urgent request of the church where Mr. Ridgely had preached, he remained in Baltimore over the second Sabbath, and again filled the pulpit, to the great satisfaction of all.

Monday evening was the semi-monthly meeting of the Garrigue Literary Society. He was to be a guest of the club, and unknown to all but a select

few, had a double reason for not leaving the city at the time first appointed by him.

Mr. Ridgely had enjoyed every moment of his visit thoroughly, and this last evening was no exception. Every member of the club was present, and Lawyer Dubreil, after calling the meeting to order, made a short speech.

"It has always been one of my favorite maxims," said he, blandly, "that variety is the spice of life; so we will substitute something this evening in place of the tableaux and charades which have been arranged. Our honored guest, the Rev. Mr. Ridgely, will address us for a few moments, after which our literary exercises will proceed as usual.

The president then excused himself and withdrew, and the conversation became general.

"That is because there is a minister present, I suppose," said one of the medical students in a low tone.

"What is because there is a minister present?" questioned Dr. Garnet Adriance.

"Why, having no charades nor tableaux nor nothing," said the medical student, discontentedly.

"Did you not hear the president say that Mr. Ridgely was going to fill in with an address?"

"Yes, but that need not drive all the fun out of doors. I had a splendid tableaux for this evening, costumes and scenery and all."

"What was it?" inquired Dr. Garnet.

"Why a wedding, and now it has all to be set aside."

At that moment the parlor door opened, and after a hush of expectation Mr. Ridgely arose and advanced to the center of the room. The company followed the example of Mrs. Garrigue and arose in a body, as Mr. Dubreil, with Mrs. Amanda Levering upon his arm, advanced slowly to the spot where Mr. Ridgely awaited them, and who began immediately to address them in the words that bound them together.

Very sweet and lovely looked Mrs. Amanda in her soft, dove-colored silk, and flowing veil, and the little lawyer never looked so well in all his life.

"Did you ever?" murmured the medical student, nearly overwhelmed with astonishment, when the ceremony was over.

"No, I never!" muttered the law student.

"I don't like such sudden surprises; they are injurious to the nerves," said another medical student with the traditional shake of the head, which is the especial property of the disciples of Esculapius.

Congratulations in the meantime had been hearty, and smiles and good wishes for the happiness of the newly married ones.

"Well, my dear sir," said the happy groom, as the law student advanced, "I believe I succeeded in giving you a surprise. I hope it was a pleasant one."

"But how in the world did you keep it such a secret," said the secretary; "I am sure not one of us suspected such a thing."

"We did not keep it secret intentionally," smiled the bride; "you did not ask us, and we did not care to go out of the way to tell you."

"It goes to prove, however, that there are exceptions to all rules," remarked one of the guests, "and some couples can be lovers without their acquaintances suspecting it, and some boarding houses can exist without gossip."

The club received another surprise when the doors of the dining-room were thrown open, and disclosed refreshments tables groaning under the weight of rich cakes, splendid fruits, ices, and other luxuries, and all agreed that it was the most charming wedding they had ever attended; no formality nor restraint, yet sufficient solemnity to keep all present in remembrance that two members of the society had entered into a solemn covenant that would end only with life.

CHAPTER XV.

TIMOTHY'S INHERITANCE.

Time passed, and brought with it more changes to Timothy's neighbors and friends.

Mrs. Mercy Levering had passed from earth, her departure making but little change in the daily routine of the home from which she had been taken.

Mr. Ridgely and Caroline were married a few months after her mother's death, and occupied the handsome parsonage belonging to the church of which he was pastor, and "The Garrigue" was in its usual flourishing condition, the marriage of Mr. Lauren Dubreil and Mrs. Amanda Levering adding to its popularity, as the genial couple gave frequent entertainments to the guests, to which they were privileged to invite friends, and the fortnightly meetings of the Literary Society were still held in the parlors.

One evening several years after Timothy had been under the instruction of Mark Ogilvie, and had been his well-beloved companion at all leisure times, he set out from Mrs. Carleton's farmhouse for "Ogilvie's Pride"

He had not for some time been general utility boy at Mrs. Carleton's, that position having been given another waif; instead, he had the management of the dairy, and there was no better judge of stock than he, in the State, Farmer Brayson taking credit to himself as instructor.

The passing years had made much improvement in his appearance. The foxy shade of his hair had changed to a rich auburn, his freckles had disappeared, the bloom of health was upon cheek and lip; he was tall and well-developed; a handsome, intelligent and well-bred youth, and, better than all, he was a Christian. On his way through the woodland to "Ogilvie's Pride" he passed the spot where Grace Darling had lost her life. He paused and reflected as he had done many times before. It had always been a mystery to him what had become of her body, but he never alluded to it in the presence of Mr. Ogilvie, for he felt that in some way he was connected with its disappearance.

He walked on and reached the house at his usual time. Margery, the old housekeeper, was busy in the kitchen, and the others engaged in their usual evening duties about the place.

He passed the door of the unused parlor, which he had never known unlocked, and entered the library, where Mr. Ogilvie and himself passed their evenings.

The lamp was lighted, the fire burned cheerily upon the hearth, all things wore their wonted look of refined comfort. In his accustomed place sat Mark Ogilvie, but he turned not to greet his loved pupil. The master of "Ogilvie's Pride" was dead; had passed away while waiting to hear the voice of the one who was nearer and dearer to him than anyone else upon earth.

This discovery was a great trial to Timothy. He loved Mark Ogilvie with an affection that he felt for no other human being, and his face was as white as that of his departed friend when he left the room to summon others to the house of death.

Kind friends and neighbors were not wanting in this time of bereavement. Madame Angela and Mrs. Carleton were among the first to come, and to remain to receive Richard Ogilvie and Isabel.

The days that intervened before Dorton churchyard received the form of his beloved friend were the saddest that Timothy had ever known, and the afternoon of the day that Mark Ogilvie's body was committed to Mother Earth he was summoned to the parlor of "Ogilvie's Pride."

There sat the attorney of the late owner, and with him were Richard Ogilvie, Isabel, Mr. Archibald Levering, Dr. Garnet Adriance, Mrs. Carleton, and Madame Angela; before whom the attorney proceeded to read the last will and testament of Mark Ogilvie.

All bonds, stocks and mortgages were bequeathed to his brother's only child, Isabel Ogilvie, but 'Ogilvie's Pride,' with all that appertained thereto, was left without reservation to Timothy; "and especially to my beloved pupil Timothy, in addition to "Ogilvie's Pride," do I bequeath, with my blessing, the statue concealed by a curtain in one corner of this room." These words concluded the will, and all eyes turned instinctively to the curtain.

Timothy made no move toward it, so the lawyer advanced and drew aside the fold of crimson brocade.

On a marble pedestal stood Grace Darling, as lifelike as though her taxidermist had been endowed with more than human skill.

"Oh, papa, it is Cousin Mary Ogilvie's dog, little Flora," cried Isabel, as all arose and crowded about it. "See, papa, there is Mary's monogram upon the collar."

The father had recognized the dog at a glance, for he had purchased it as a present to little Mary; but, like Isabel, had no more thought of disputing the possession of it than he had of the farm which they had just heard bequeathed to Timothy.

Tears filled the eyes of Timothy as he thought of the sorrow of his loved and honored friend, whose one act of cruelty had been atoned for in so many ways, and feeling that he could bear no more, he turned away and quietly leaving the room, returned to Mrs. Carleton's.

Everything seemed strange and unreal to him; he wished to be alone to think it over. He could not realize that his position in life was changed, but was

bitterly conscious that he had lost his best friend; should see him no more upon earth.

The Baltimore newsboy had become a landowner; his fine estate adjoining that of his steadfast friend, Mrs. Carleton, and it was to her he went for counsel in his new circumstances

She advised him to take up his residence at "Ogilvie's Pride," and continue at Dorton Academy the education of which Mark Ogilvie had laid such a substantial foundation, and Timothy took the advice, and went directly there.

All through his boyhood there had been a secret wish to know something of his parentage. Ever since he could remember he had borne the name of Edmonds, but he did not believe it to be his name. A feeling like the fading remembrance of a dream haunted him, that he had known another life, and other associations than those of Hammers Alley. Once he had startled Granny by asking for information on that subject, but instead of telling him she smoked vigorously until something occurred to change the current of the boy's thoughts.

Now that he had a position to maintain in the neighborhood, he became more anxious than before;

and resolved to take advantage of the next holiday and pay a visit to the "Home," for the purpose of finding out from Granny who and what he was.

The lovely face of Mary Ogilvie was another motive which impelled him to this step, for from the first moment he had seen her at the lawn gate of "Ogilvie's Pride," he had loved her, although never for a moment imagining that she was the little girl who had crossed the ocean in the Miriam at the same time with Granny and himself.

He had supposed her to be the niece of Mark Ogilvie, and his knowledge of that gentleman had taught him to think that no one of that name would condescend to recognize one who could not boast of distinguished lineage.

Isabel Ogilvie's first visit to the neighborhood since her grandfather's death had been to her Uncle Mark's funeral.

Mrs. Richard Ogilvie's haughty spirit had been wounded that Colonel Ogilvie had left little Mary in charge of Mother Ursula and Madame Angela, instead of herself; and this indignation was increased when Mark Ogilvie came suddenly from abroad and took possession of "Ogilvie's Pride," without any

consultation whatever with his brother Richard; henceforth she never interested herself in Mary, and up to the time of her death had no communication whatever with "Ogilvie's Pride."

Mother Ursula, with her clear-sighted thoughtfulness, saw how much the two girls, Isabel and Mary, both growing into lovely womanhood, would be benefited by companionship with each other, so she and Madame Angela—at the time of Mark Ogilvie's funeral—gave Isabel a cordial invitation to remain and make Mary a visit at the cottage, which invitation was gladly accepted, and in return Mary was invited to visit Isabel in her city home.

After that it came to be the understanding that Mary should pass her winters in the city with Isabel, while the picturesque cottage of Mother Ursula and Madame Angela was graced and enlivened by both girls each summer.

Sometimes when Timothy was trudging home from Dorton Academy, his books under his arm, or of serene, moonlit nights was returning from a walk to Mrs. Carleton's, he met a merry company of four, and among them one whom he worshiped, but, alas, from afar,

Though Mary always recognized him by a slight smile and faint blush, his heart at times was heavy in his bosom, for he doubted that the distance between them would ever be lessened.

Sometimes the party were on horseback, the girls appearing very lovely in their close-fitting habits of dark blue cloth; Rufus Carleton, the devoted cavalier of Isabel Ogilvie, while at Mary's side rode, with boyish nonchalance, his brother Frank.

Timothy looked on the successful wooing of Rufus with heartfelt rejoicing, but, noble of soul as he was, he envied, while he wondered that Frank seemed to hold the bliss of being in the society of Mary so lightly; a happiness for which he would have given every earthly possession.

CHAPTER XVI.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

Mrs. Amanda Dubreil was as prompt in her correspondence as had been Mrs. Amanda Levering, and her letters to her son Archie were frequent.

These letters from his mother were a great pleasure to Archie, one of his many pleasures, and he wished all his friends to share it.

His Grandmother Levering had always been favored with the reading of them after himself. Since her death Aunt Hesba was the first one he gave them to, then his grandfather, who perused them after he came from the mill in the evenings, after which they were taken down to the cottage to Annette.

It happened one morning that Mrs. Amanda had seated herself to write to her son, when Caroline called, in her handsome carriage, to take her out for a drive, on a shopping expedition for herself, one may be sure, she wishing the benefit of her sister-inlaw's exquisite taste.

Knowing that she would be detained too late to mail her letter to reach Dorton that day, Mrs. Amanda asked her mother to write, that Archie might not be disappointed; so for the first time in his life Archie received a letter written by his Grandmother Garrigue.

After tea, the day on which this letter was received, Mr. Archibald Levering took his accustomed seat in the wide porch which faced the mill and the narrow grass-fringed path which led to Mr. Wheeler's cottage. Down this path Archie was passing, having, as he went by his grandfather, laid the letter upon his knee.

Archie had traversed but a little way when he heard footsteps behind him. His grandfather had followed him, had overtaken him, and grasping him by the arm had turned him about and was searching his countenance eagerly, his own face pallid with emotion.

"Archie, my son's son, what was your grandmother's name?"

"Martha Garrigue," replied the startled boy.

"But before she married, before she married, did you never happen to hear anyone mention it?"

"No," replied Archie, slowly, "I don't think I ever did."

Mr. Levering groaned. "Try and think, Archie. I will give you time."

"Once when I was a very little boy," said Archie, after a pause, "I was at grandma's, and she was dressing to go out. She let me look in her dressing bureau, and in a little box in one of the drawers there was a picture in a gold case, with a name engraved upon it. I asked grandma whose name it was, and she told me to spell it and she would pronounce it for me."

"And it was-" said Mr. Levering, eagerly.

"Martha Rutledge."

"Martha Rutledge!" repeated his grandfather with quivering lips. "Oh, I knew it!"

"I did not know whose name it was," continued Archie, "grandma said the picture was given to her by a very dear friend."

"But did not say whom?"

"No, sir; but there was something else on the case,

and when I said it over, grandma said that was the name of the friend who gave it to her."

"What were the letters?"

"Let me think," said the boy reflectively; "yes, that is it. Martha Rutledge from A. L."

"Did you see the picture?"

"Only for a moment, grandma took it, put it back in its little box and locked it up in the drawer."

"Did it look like anyone you knew?"

"No one that I know now. It was a young and handsome man, and I said to grandmother that it looked like father."

"What did she say to that?" said Mr. Levering leaning forward with intense interest to catch the answer.

"She turned suddenly, drew me to her breast and kissed me twice, and told me not to mention to anybody that I had seen it; and I have never done so until now; perhaps I should not have done so, even to you."

For answer, Mr. Levering turned and with rapid steps sought his sister.

"Hesba!" rang his voice like a trumpet call through the silent house.

Hesba came, her face like that of the shrouded dead. What subtle agency told her that the time had come when she must answer to her brother for the blight put upon his life, and by her?

"You told me she was dead; you have been a living lie!"

"As God is my witness, Archibald, I thought she was dead until it was too late—Mercy was your promised wife."

"Give me the proof, nothing else will satisfy me, for I know you hated Martha Rutledge."

"I did dislike her, Archibald, but not to that extent as to blight your life in order to punish her."

"And without cause; she never harmed you."

"She laughed at me; she ridiculed me in the presence of the only man I ever loved; so when I found that it was a cousin of the same name and not herself that lost her life in a railway accident—I kept it to myself. You were promised to Mercy, I had to live with you—thanks to Martha Rutledge, whose flirting with Andrew Rice and ridicule of me alienated his affection from me. But for her I would have had a home of my own,"

"It was a cruel, unsisterly act, Hesba; I had thought you an honorable girl when we were young and in our old home."

"It was wrong and unchristian-like, Archibald, and I have deeply repented the harm I did you. I should have done the right, no matter what the result would have been to myself. I will say though, in justice to myself, that I really believed that Mercy would make you the better wife of the two. I had no love for Martha Rutledge, how could I have; yet I should not have taken that matter in my own hands. Brothers and sisters should not interfere with each other's attachments without greater reason than I had, but it appears that only age and experience will teach them this."

"Did you know while Mercy lived that Archie's Grandmother Garrigue was the Martha Rutledge whom we both knew?" asked Mr. Levering, his eyes becoming dim at the thought of his meek wife who had never given him a frown.

"I have known it always, Archibald. It was no trouble for me to keep informed of her through the Athelings, whom she visited in her young days, and where you first met her." "The Athelings would rather have me believe her dead; no doubt they kept you in ignorance of the mistake as long as possible, fearing that you would tell me, for they never liked me."

"And whose fault was that, Archibald? You slighted them, and never noticed them any more than the dust under your feet until Martha Rutledge visited them. They knew that you only made a convenience of their house; girls do not forget these things."

"They must have known that I was engaged to Martha Rutledge and had promised to visit her after her return home."

"Of course they knew it, but not until after you were engaged to Mercy, then like myself they would not grieve her, whom they loved and respected, to please you who had slighted them. It was through them that I heard of her marriage with Garrigue, and after their daughter Amanda grew to womanhood, of David's attachment for her. The Rutledge's were old friends of Lawyer Dubreil,, as were the Garrigues, and when David went there to read law with Mr. Dubreil of course he saw much of Amanda. I might have interfered then, and

again avenged myself upon Martha Rutledge, but I had enough of match-breaking, besides I knew that you wanted David to marry some one in the country so that he might remain upon the farm, but I would not lay a straw in the path of the poor boy's happiness."

"Do you suppose that Martha knows that David was my son?"

"Why, Archibald, how could she help knowing it? You have always lived here, and have the same name that you had then. David's wife visited here after her marriage and you were at David's funeral; how could she help knowing?"

"Do you suppose Mercy suspected?"

"Mercy had never seen Martha Rutledge, consequently when she saw Martha Garrigue at David's home, she was a stranger to her. She could not help hearing that you had loved some one else before you married her, and most likely heard she was dead; but I am quite sure she heard no further, for the Athelings would have been the last ones in the world to tell her, although Mercy, as you know, was easy and indifferent."

Mr. Levering winced. "She was a good wife to me; poor Mercy."

"Moreover, I knew that Mercy loved you," continued his sister, "and I was not willing that she should be disappointed for the sake of one so utterly unworthy as I considered Martha Rutledge."

"Who told you that Mercy loved me; not Mercy herself I am sure?"

"It does not always require words, Archibald. Our father married his miller's daughter, and when people used to quote that to Mercy, and would jokingly tell her that you would follow his example, one would be indeed blind not to see that she loved you."

Mr. Levering turned to leave the room.

"Archibald," said his sister, "as we will probably never speak upon this subject again, I want to ask you one question, who told you that Martha Rutledge and Martha Garrigue were one and the same?"

For answer Mr. Levering took Archie's letter from the pocket of his coat and spread it open upon the table, then unclasping his collar he took a slender guard from his neck, to which was attached a small morocco case. He opened it and drew forth a worn, time-stained letter, and laid it beside the first.

"There is the only letter I ever received from Martha Rutledge; it has never left me since I heard of her death; compare them."

A few days after this conversation a visitor called at the elegant home of the Rev. James Ridgely and Caroline descended to her luxuriously furnished parlor to greet her guest. It was her father in his inevitable suit of blue.

"Caroline," said he, "I am going to 'The Garrigue' to see Amanda and her little girl; will you go with me?"

"Not dressed as you are, father. If you will let me send out for a clothier to take your measure and bring you a suit of clothes I will go with you."

"You may send for one, Caroline."

"Oh, father, are you in earnest? And for a barber?"

"And for a barber also, Caroline?"

"And for a hatter, father?"

"For a hatter, if you wish, Caroline."

"And for anything else you require, father?"

"For anything you think I require."

"Oh, father, you are the dearest man in the world!" and Caroline in a maze of delight rang the bell for a waiter.

"I said I spected it was an old party who had been to a masquerade and somebody stole his clothes," commented the grinning waiter as he returned to the kitchen for his hat, before setting out upon his errand.

In a short time as handsome an elderly gentleman as one would wish to see called with Mrs. Caroline Ridgely at "The Garrigue." That gentleman was Mr. Archibald Levering. He passed several days with his daughter, the first visit he had ever paid in his life, and every evening while in the city he passed with Mrs. Garrigue, and in a short time there was another wedding in the parlor of "The Garrigue," and Caroline had gained a stepmother, while Mrs. Amanda's father-in-law was converted into a stepfather, the Rev. James Ridgely being the officiating minister.

In view of the turn that affairs had taken it may be questioned whether Hesba's feelings were those of unmingled joy; but that did not prevent her from having one of her excellent suppers for the bride and groom on the evening of their journey to their old home.

Neither did it prevent her from making Archibald's home as agreeable as possible to the new Mrs. Levering, who remained a week, then returned to the city to make arrangements for making the farm house her permanent home.

Before Archibald Levering had found the betrothed of his youth, Lawyer Dubreil had his own views in regard to the brown-stone dwelling known as "The Garrigue."

It had been rather crowded for some time, and Mrs. Garrigue had taken the subject of enlarging the building under serious consideration, as she would not listen to the removal of Lawyer Dubreil and his family to another home.

The wise little man discouraged the proposed enlargement for he thought he foresaw the time when Mrs. Garrigue would weary of that life and he would then take the house off her hands and give her the opportunity to pass the afternoon and evening of her life in tranquillity with him, Mrs. Amanda and the children.

Fate, as usual, aided him, but took her own way of doing so. Mr. Levering stepped in with a prior claim, and sensible little lawyer as he was, he gracefully accepted the situation and gave his sincere congratulations in his usual cheery manner.

Mrs. Archibald Levering was a practical woman; her arrangements were made for removing to her rural home without putting any of the members of her large household to any inconvenience that could be avoided. In her kind, helpful, genial way she assisted those who needed counsel in finding pleasant homes, and at the appointed time was back at Levering's mill.

She loved the country, and the neighborhood of Dorton in particular, but there was one deficiency which she resolved to do all in her power to remedy. There was no regular service in the church, and being all her life a steady church-goer, considered it impossible to exist in a community where this was the case, without making a stir in the matter.

Mr. Ridgely had done what he could to send supplies out to Dorton church, and Hesba's heart was made glad in consequence. This was very good, but Mrs. Martha wanted a stationed preacher and a

parsonage, and she and Mr. Ridgely had many conferences in regard to it. In one of them she happened to mention the name of Andrew Rice, for the part she had taken in thoughtless youth in breaking the engagement between him and Hesba had always been a painful recollection, and she told Mr. Ridgely the whole affair. To her surprise she heard that Mr. Rice was yet in the ministry and just then without a charge.

"Oh, James, if we could only have him at Dorton!" said Mrs. Martha eagerly; "it would make me so happy to try to atone for the past. Do exert your influence to have him sent here."

Mr. Ridgely did use his influence, and before the parsonage—to the erection of which he had contributed every dollar—was completed, Mr. Andrew Rice, still a bachelor, was appointed pastor in charge of Dorton church, and made his home with Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Levering until the parsonage should be ready for occupancy, and then he and Hesba, or rather Rev. Andrew and Mrs. Rice took possession.

Mrs. Levering and the other ladies of the congregation had made it ready, and welcomed by a pleasant entertainment, their minister and his wife,

who, by way of a bridal tour, had paid a visit to Caroline and Mrs. Amanda.

It was noticed that Archibald Levering upon that occasion passed among the people conversing with this one and that one, in a manner never witnessed in him by the oldest inhabitant; and the following Sunday, and every Sunday that followed, he took his seat with his wife and Archie in one of the main pews of Dorton church, and was one of the most intelligent hearers of his brother-in-law, Andrew Rice, whom he honored and respected for his deeply spiritual nature and unaffected goodness.

Sometimes they were all prevailed upon by the happy Hesba to remain the rest of the day at the parsonage to be on hand for the evening service, upon which occasion they partook of one of her excellent Sunday dinners, prepared for the most part the day before, than which Archie thought nothing could be better.

CHAPTER XVII.

FRUITION.

"Life hath its hopes fulfilled; Its glad fruitions, its best answered prayer, Sweeter for waiting long, whose holy air, Indrawn to patient souls, breathes forth its rare Grand speech, by joy distilled."

One beautiful morning in spring-time, Lawyer Dubreil, now the possessor of a handsome carriage and pair of spirited but gentle horses, took his family out to pass the day with his mother-in-law, Mrs. Archibald Leyering.

The carriage was stowed full of children, even to the exclusion of the little lawyer himself, who sat on the box with the coachman, while Mrs. Amanda held alternately two children upon her lap, the one whose turn it was standing in the meantime by the lowered glass door of the carriage, gazing with delight at the varying scenery, so new and enchanting. Several of the children had been borrowed for the occasion, for whenever Lawyer Dubreil had the enjoyment of an outing he wished all who could to share it, and his neighbors on either side were more than pleased to have their darlings enjoy a trip to the country.

Archibald and Mrs. Levering were in readiness to receive them, and Archie, brimming over with joy, took the children in charge, and Mrs. Levering, having invited Annette Wheeler to help entertain them, they had a grand day of it, as indeed everybody had who visited the Leverings.

The mother and daughter had much to interest them, and the time fled all too fast, while the little lawyer could not enjoy enough the green fields and fragrant woods through which he had roamed in his youthful school-teaching days at Dorton.

In the afternoon Mrs. Carleton called, and she, with Mr. and Mrs. Levering, aided by Mr. Dubreil, recalled many of the frolics of their younger days, to which Mrs. Amanda was an amused listener.

"Do take your bonnet off and stay this afternoon," said Mrs. Levering for the second time; I am sure

there is nothing to call you home, and we would all enjoy having you stay."

"No, there is nothing to prevent me," said Mrs. Carleton, reflectively, "except that Timothy, who went to the city a few days ago, is to return to-day, and on his way from Dorton is to call at our place to let me know the result of a small business matter which I asked him to attend to for me."

"Timothy?" What Timothy?" inquired Lawyer Dubreil with his ever alert eye to business.

"I really cannot say; he goes by the name of Edmonds," replied the lady.

"Bless my heart, madam!" cried the little lawyer excitedly, "was ever the like of that known before? Here I have been inquiring for that boy and advertising for him in the daily papers in every prominent city in the union for the last two weeks, and find him here under my very nose. Well, well, it has always been a maxim of mine that truth is stranger than fiction."

"Are you aware that you are speaking in enigmas?" rejoined Mrs. Carleton quickly. "What about Timothy. Who is he?"

"He is the son of your old neighbor, Mark Ogilvie, of 'Ogilvie's Pride.'

"Is that really true!" ejaculated Mrs. Carleton in astonishment. "Mark Ogilvie's son!"

"Yes, my dear madam; and his mother was the daughter of an English nobleman, Sir John Manning, and what is better for Timothy, she was Mark Ogilvie's lawful wife."

"His wife!" echoed Mrs. Carleton, while Mr. Levering and the others listened with deeper interest. "Why, everybody in the neighborhood thought he was unmarried."

"No doubt he wished many a time that their opinion was correct," replied Mr. Dubreil, "for he and his young wife were not at all suited to each other and lived unhappily the one year they were together. His marriage with the petted, only child, with mind undeveloped, was but an impulse with Mark Ogilvie, he never loved her; Miss Bowlsby was the one woman in the world for him, and he could not love again, and should not have married. When Mark left Liverpool and went off alone to Italy her father forbade all communication with him, and when the poor girl-wife died, he packed the boy—then three

years old—and his nurse, Granny Edmonds, off to America, and sent word to Mark Ogilvie in Italy that mother and son were dead. He had promised Nurse Edmonds to send money quarterly for the maintenance of the boy, but never did; and how they subsisted until Timothy found a home with you, the Master above only knows."

"But how did you find all this out, tell us that?" said Mrs. Carleton eagerly.

"I am coming to that, my dear madam; coming to that all in good time. It has been a maxim of my life that the more haste the least speed, so we will allow the story to develop itself. The vessel upon which Timothy and Nurse Edmonds sailed was bound for Baltimore, but whether it ever reached there that heartless old grandfather never troubled himself to ascertain. But when he found himself about to leave the world and his possessions, he longed to find the one person on earth who had the best right to them, and that one is Timothy."

"He tried to have Mark Ogilvie found in Italy, and failing in that he instructed his lawyer to communicate with some attorney in Baltimore who was to try to find the boy. This attorney happened to be me, and I immediately undertook the commission with the understanding that I am to have half the sum set aside in Sir John Manning's will for that purpose—should the boy be found. If this be the boy we are searching for, and I have no doubt in the world but that it is, he will be the richest man south of Mason and Dixie's line, or my name is not Lauren Dubreil, attorney-at-law."

A rap upon the hall door interrupted the conversation and Timothy was announced.

He had stopped at Mrs. Carleton's, and finding that she had gone to call upon Mrs. Levering, concluded to take Levering's mill in his route and inform her of the result of her commission.

The rather careworn expression with which he had left home had disappeared, for Timothy carried near his heart the antidote for most of the ills which life could hold for him.

The light of happiness beamed in his handsome eyes, his manner was self-possessed, easy and graceful, and as usual, courteous and respectful.

Timothy had seen Granny Edmonds, and had heard good news. Being of age, Granny considered

that he had a right to know all that she had to tell, and that was much.

She had taken the precaution, several times since coming to Baltimore, to go to different magistrates and make solemn affidavit that what lawyers had recorded as it fell from her lips was true. These papers were left with the lawyers, and to them Timothy applied, and the records were now in his possession; coinciding exactly with Mr. Dubreil's story. Congratulations were cordially given by the interested listeners, and none more heartily rejoiced than his true and tried friend, Mrs. Carleton, who removed her wraps and stayed to tea, as did also Timothy, at the pressing invitation of Mrs. Levering; for there was much to talk over, and no better opportunity could be afforded than at that time.

Before they separated it was decided that Lawyer Dubriel should accompany Timothy to Liverpool by the next steamer that sailed from Baltimore; then the little ones were again placed in the carriage for their drive back to the city, and Timothy returned to "Ogilvie's Pride."

He sat long that night in the library where he and his father had so often talked, but he had no inclination to read, although his lamp burned brightly and all was comfortable about him. His thoughts were busy upon all he had heard that day, and also of one piece of information imparted to him by Mrs. Edmonds which he intended to share with Mrs. Carleton the next day.

"Timothy," Granny had said, "you told me once of a lady as was named Miss Jane Houston, and I told you to treat her fair, because she was a lady and because of her name. Well, Timothy, her name was the same as your grandfather's and of your mother before she married your father; for, Timothy, the poor, forsaken creature was the only child of your grandfather's brother. When I was your nurse, Timothy, your mother used to tell me of her cousin, Jane Houston Manning, who wrote letters from America to your grandfather begging him to help her get her money from her uncle on her mother's side, who had been her guardian, and took all her property. But your grandfather would not answer her letters because he had had a fallin' out with his brother, Miss Jane's father, who died in Canada. And your sweet young mother pitied her so, Timothy, and cried because she could not help her. And, Timothy, when I saw Miss Jane Houston in the Home, I know'd her by your mother, for she was the livin' image of her, Timothy, only she was older than your mother was when she died. Trouble had set heavy on her, and she dressed queer; not like your grandfather's wife and his daughter dressed. So Miss Jane Houston Manning was your mother's own cousin, Timothy, and I am glad you always treated her fair."

All this had Granny told him, and he knew it to be literally true, and tears filled his eyes as he thought of the last hours of his forlorn relative.

A week later Lawyer Dubreil and Timothy sailed for Liverpool, which they reached in safety and found all as represented. Without trouble or delay Timothy came into possession of his grandfather's estate and title, but his heart was in his adopted country, and he resolved that his home should be among the dear friends who had loved and cared for him when he was poor and unknown.

Five years passed away, years which brought changes to these dear friends. Archibald Levering and his family were prospering, Archibald looking younger and handsomer than when Timothy had

1

first seen him. A comfortable new carriage had been bought by him and the body of the old one converted by his skillful hands into a handsome sleigh, Archie having painted and gilded it in an artistic manner. With handsome lap-robe crocheted by his Annette's fair hands the two glided "over the hills and far away" to the merry tinkling of the bells, and the grandson of Martha Rutledge bade fair to be the third Archibald Levering to marry the miller's daughter.

The Rev. Andrew and Mrs. Rice were growing steadily into the respect and affection of his people, the number of which had more than trebled since he took Dorton church in charge. Though married late in life, years were doing their work toward assimilating dispositions entirely opposite, and both were benefited by the discipline. The strong will and quick temper of Hesba were subdued and held in restraint by the consistent and placid example of her husband, while his amiability was not suffered to degenerate into weakness by his self-reliant and energetic wife, who possessed originality unknown to his gentler nature.

Hesba's Bible-class included nearly all the young men and maidens of the neighborhood, and among the first communicants brought into Mr. Rice's church, mainly through her teachings, were Mary Ogilvie, Rufus and Frank Carleton, and Timothy. Other influences had united in bringing Timothy into the fold. The Bible given him by Miss Jane Houston Manning had been read each day and the influence of her bequest did not stop with him. Mark Ogilvie in explaining passages which were obscure to Timothy, found his interest strengthened, and the Bible became his best loved book, perused sometimes far into the night—when Timothy was in the deep sleep of healthy, happy youth.

Mr. Ridgely and his family were prospering, as he deserved; Caroline looking out for number one, as she had done all her life. She was admired and petted by her husband's parishioners, who were proud of her beauty and elegance, while her affection for them could only be compared to the vivifying warmth of an electric light upon snow.

Lawyer Dubreil, happy in his home and successful in business, was the same prompt, reliable, alert little man that had the village school at Dorton. Mrs. Amanda, the happy mother of four lovely children, was filling her life with good deeds, and with the help of faithful Bridget was brightening the lot of the outcast, the discouraged, the homeless.

At Mrs. Carleton's there had been a change, Grandfather Carleton had been called home.

"Why weep ye then for him, who having won
The bounds of man's appointed years at last—
Life's blessings all enjoyed, life's labor done
Serenely to his final rest has passed;
While the soft memory of his virtues yet
Lingers like twilight hues when the bright sun is
set."

Isabel Ogilvie had married happily, for her husband was Rufus Carleton, and two lovely children were well-springs of pleasure in the Carleton farmhouse, their grandmother convinced that two handsomer and better children could not be found upon the broad earth.

At the cottage, which outwardly appeared the same, there were changes. Old age had stolen upon Mother Ursula, had whitened the once raven black hair and dimmed the lustre of the starry eyes. The violin had refused to respond to the stiffened fingers

and feeble will, and when one day, leave was taken of those who had made life so sweet, a void was left in the hearts of the survivors which no one else could fill.

A year passed and Madame Angela said nothing in regard to a tombstone to mark the grave of Mother Ursula; and Mary and Isabel gently suggested that one should be placed there. It was not until after Madame Angela's own death that they comprehended her reply—"All in good time, my children; we will keep it bright and fresh with flowers, and when I am gone I know that you will follow the directions I shall leave for the inscription upon the tombstone which will stand for Mother Ursula and myself."

"We will follow your directions implicitly," replied Mary and Isabel, and the subject was not mentioned again.

A few years after, when Madame Angela departed in peace, they remembered her instructions, and in her desk they found a sealed missive containing what she had told them they should know

One sweet summer morning the children of Dorton school spelled aloud the inscription upon a stone placed to the two graves known to be those of Mother Ursula and Madame Angela.

"Sacred to the memory of Count Victor Emanuel Costelli, a native of Florence, Italy, who for political reasons was forced to flee his country. He loved his adopted land and his prayers were for its prosperity. This stone is also sacred to the memory of his wife—Countess Marie Josepha Angela Costella—who shared his exile. Both departed this life in calm submission to the will of God."

Changes had also taken place at "Ogilvie's Pride."

A substantial farm-house was built for the occupancy of an overseer, and "Ogilvie's Pride" was enlarged in accordance with the suggestions of Mother Ursula and Madame Angela. It resembled an Italian villa, and was fitted out with every luxury which wealth, without ostentation, deemed necessary. It was the home of Timothy Ogilvie and his fair wife Mary, who were once two young subjects of the queen, of honored memory.

In two of the new additions were suites of apartments, each adapted to the needs of a very small family, and furnished with every comfort.

A fine toned piano was in one of these suites in accordance with a promise of long standing made by Timothy, for it was the residence of Cousin Melie, while the other wing was the home of Granny Edmonds, three happy Christian homes under one roof.

Children with the auburn hair of Timothy and the dimpled beauty of Mary Ogilvie made the once silent house ring with merriment while behind the brocade curtain, as when placed there by the repentant hand of Mark Ogilvie, stood the graceful figure of Grace Darling.

A LL the books in this list were written or translated by Mrs.

Mary F. Ireland of Washing-

Mary E. Ireland, of Washington, D. C., and can be purchased from the publishers of each, or will be furnished to libraries and individuals at a discount of 25 per cent. from list prices.

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